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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Government's long-deferred Coal Bill has now been published. Its provisions had been generally anticipated, but the text fills in some interesting details. The seven-and-a-half hour day is timed to take effect from next April, but it is understood that the date will be postponed; the Marketing Scheme is there, and so is machinery for a Central Wages Board, after the style of the wages board for the railways. The district bodies to run the marketing schemes are to be composed entirely of owners, with right of appeal for individual collieries and districts to arbitration; they are all to be gathered up under a Central Council for the whole industry, and this Council is also to have powers, permissive not compulsory, to put a levy on the output of all districts, to be used as a subsidy for export coal. This, in bare outline, is the Bill.

The owners still maintain that the shortening of the working day should be accompanied by a fall in wages; but the Government contend that the saving effected by the marketing scheme, the general improvement of trade, and de-rating, will meet the extra cost of production.

In all this, how will the consumer fare? The Bill provides for national and district committees consisting of an owner, a miner, two members of the public and an independent chairman, to watch consumers' interests, but this seems likely to prove but a shadowy safeguard. Mr. Ben Turner has been hinting that the pit-head price of coal must go up. The subsidy will keep export coal at competitive prices in the vital market, and coal for home consumption will cost us more: that is the logical probability of the marketing scheme, which aims at restricting output and co-ordinating prices, and of the levy on production to bolster the export trade. But Mr. Turner went

MOTOR—WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT—FIRE, etc.

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on to examine the question of distribution, and here he entered vital ground. Is the coal slump entirely the fault of inefficient management and/or of too high wages and too short hours? What of the wastage in distribution between the pit-head and the hearth?

It is the fashion to blame the middleman, but here is undoubtedly room for investigation. It is not really a question of blame—no one blames a man for making a living if it comes his way—but simply of redundancy and reduplication. If distribution costs can be reduced, the pit-head price of coal can, if necessary, go up (to cover the cost of shorter hours at the same wages) and still the price to the consumer remain the same, or even possibly be lowered. In the schemes propounded in the Bill for the rationalization of the industry nothing is said of distribution, but it is a vital end of the problem. Mr. Smallwood, a past president of the Coal Merchants' Federation, said in a speech on Monday that in his opinion the time is approaching when the Government of the day will have to take a hand in distribution. Not in the actual business of distributing, but in settling the methods and terms on which distribution takes place.

In his 'Comedy of Westminster' this week, "First Citizen" remarks that during the Unemployment Insurance Bill debate Miss Bondfield has been a lonely and rather tragic figure on the Front Bench. There is another Minister who must be feeling lonely these days—Mr. Snowden. His battle with the spenders is bound to be a losing battle. The Government's climb-down over Clause 4 of the Unemployment Insurance Bill, the "genuinely seeking work" clause, will run him in for another large slice of expenditure, estimated by the Government Actuary (who points out that his estimate may be too conservative) at between four and four-and-a-half million pounds per annum. The clause in its new form is in fact, if not in form, a complete surrender to the extremists. It is as vicious in principle as it will prove costly in practice; the Attorney-General was right when he told the rebels on his own benches that it was demoralizing to legislate so that men who were out of work should feel entitled to sit at home smoking their pipes and waiting for something to turn up. This was a piece of hard common sense from an ex-Liberal. Unfortunately his late colleagues on the Liberal benches have not shown equal judgment, having accepted the new Clause 4, despite the principle and the price. It was always certain that the Government would have to keep moving further left in deference to their extremists; it has been one of the surprises of this Parliament that throughout the debates on the Unemployment Insurance Bill the Liberals have been more Socialist than the Socialists.

Whatever may be thought at Westminster, in the country it is increasingly felt that the complicated party game being played there by both sections of the Opposition is extremely unwise. It is not desired that Conservatives and the Liberal remnant should come to agreements about a multitude of special questions, but it is desired that

they should work together in the interests of national economy. Now what has happened over the Unemployment Insurance Bill? The Labour Government have had to face revolt by the extremists of their party; the Liberals have given encouragement to the mutineers; the Conservatives have tended to behave as if these disputes were of no interest to them. The Government were saved by Mr. Baldwin's proposal that the offending Clause 4 be withdrawn and reintroduced in a changed shape. It might have been better if the Bill had been rejected by a Conservative-Liberal combination. But such a thing can never happen while the Liberals out-Labour Labour and the Conservatives exalt party tactics above national interest.

The Franco-Italian discussions on Naval Armaments are not making the progress that had been hoped for by those optimists who expect the Five Power Naval Conference in January to meet with speedy success, but they are being carried on in a much more friendly spirit than is usual in negotiations between those two countries. The French naval estimates for 1930, which have just been published, provide for an increased expenditure of one and a half million pounds, and there is, as yet, no tendency to agree to the Italian claim for parity. As roughly one-third of the French army is now serving in Africa, the maintenance of freedom of communications in the Mediterranean is naturally a serious preoccupation with the French General Staff. Equally, Italy maintains that she must have parity with any other Mediterranean naval power, and parity on this basis would leave France with no fleet for the protection of her Atlantic and English Channel seaboard. The possibility of naval competition between France and Italy interests us directly, since it would make it more difficult for us to reduce, or even to limit, our own naval forces.

In politics there is nothing more difficult than for a dictator to become a democrat. General Primo de Rivera is finding, to his cost, that each step towards normal conditions in Spain is looked upon by the Opposition as a proof of his own weakness rather than of his strength. It is too often forgotten that during the years of his rule no political opponent has been put to death, and on every possible occasion an amnesty is granted. Thus, everyone involved in the recent plot organized by Señor Sanchez Guerra, the former Conservative Prime Minister, to overthrow the government has now been released from prison, and a book, giving a complete version of the Sanchez Guerra trial, has been published by the editor of one of the biggest papers in Madrid with General Primo's consent. Had the Opposition parties shown any readiness at all to discuss his draft Constitution, there would shortly be in Spain a parliament elected in great part by popular vote. Quite clearly a Constitution based on that of Great Britain is not suited to a country so politically dormant as Spain; it is unfortunate that Opposition leaders are so anxious to get General Primo de Rivera to confess that he has failed that they reject every possibility of a compromise well-fitted to the political needs of their country.

Despite the anxiety aroused five weeks ago by the dispute between Marshal Pilsudski and M. Daszynski, the President of the Polish Chamber, owing to the presence in the parliamentary lobby of a number of Pilsudski's officers, the adjourned session of the Chamber opened without incident last week, and promptly passed, by 246 votes to 120, a motion of no-confidence in the Government. As a result of this vote, M. Switalski, the Prime Minister, and his "government of colonels" have resigned, and have thereby disproved rumours that, in the event of a vote of no-confidence there would be a new *coup d'état* and a dissolution of Parliament in order that Marshal Pilsudski could rule by a straightforward dictatorship. This respect for democratic parliamentary procedure will certainly enhance the reputation of Poland abroad, but it would be a mistake to suppose that the crisis has yet been completely solved. The tendency will be to form a new Cabinet with many of the same personalities and exactly the same policy as its predecessor. It is not at all certain that, encouraged by their success in defying the Marshal's attempts to intimidate them, the opposition parties will be satisfied with so small a change; whereas any greater alteration could hardly take place without a resignation of Marshal Pilsudski himself.

After an uninterrupted session of eight hours, the Austrian National Assembly has passed unanimously the new Bill for the reform of the Constitution, and thereby proved that Dr. Schober, the Chancellor, is one of the outstanding constructive statesmen of present-day Europe. Few people believed that fighting between the Heimwehr and the Schutzbund could be avoided, and especially from Viennese Socialists have come alarming reports concerning Dr. Schober's alleged intention to withdraw, when the critical moment arrived, in order to allow the establishment of a Fascist state. Moderate elements throughout the country are satisfied with the compromise between the claims of the Socialists and the Clericals, but the Chancellor still has before him the two very difficult tasks of disbanding the Schutzbund and the Heimwehr, and of raising a loan which will help Austria to overcome her economic crisis.

On the grounds that the Central Government is sufficiently up-to-date and well established to ensure fair treatment of foreigners, Mr. C. T. Wang, the Chinese Foreign Minister, announced a fortnight ago that all extra-territorial rights would be abolished on January 1. Since then, conditions have become so bad that railway communications between Nanking and Shanghai have been cut by rebels and many Europeans have fled from the Nationalist capital. We have frequently expressed our sympathy with the efforts made by Chiang Kai-shek and his collaborators to give unity to China, and our confidence has been justified by the considerable degree of success achieved by these efforts. But it is so depressingly evident that the central authority is not yet strong enough to maintain order that the Nationalist Government would be very ill-advised were it to make any attempt to put into practice its threat to abolish these measures for the protection of the foreigner in China.

Quite one of the best of Mr. Thomas's piecemeal schemes for the unemployed is his plan to survey Rhodesia by air. It will do nothing to relieve immediate distress, but it should do quite a bit for the development of the Empire if it is applied to other parts as well, as it is almost certain to be. The contract to carry out this survey has been placed this week with a British firm, which is to cover some 63,000 square miles of undeveloped country. Aerial survey by means of multiple photography adds enormously to the ease and speed with which uncharted tracts can be mapped and opened up. It greatly accelerates the work of colonial development, and since such development calls for the co-operation of industry at home it is a contribution—though a deferred one—to the solution of the unemployment problem. Mr. Thomas sees this, as he sees much connected with the Empire, clearly. Would that he saw his whole task with equal clarity of vision!

To secure city-dwellers the floods and tempests of the past extraordinary fortnight have meant little beyond some discomfort as they have gone about the streets—though two years ago London had a sharp reminder of the flimsiness of civilization's bulwarks against nature. They do not share the anxieties of the countryman whose estates lie low, especially of the farmer, for whom the prevailing floods mean at the worst serious damage and loss at the best, heavy expense and inconvenience. But for all that the Londoner has nothing to be proud of. Winter after winter, some years worse than others, he sees the land surrounding the upper reaches of his river inundated. Frequently in summer he suffers from drought. He notes the uneconomic paradox, talks about it, writes about it—but does nothing to remove it. Thames-dwellers should put more of their water by for a dry day. It is high time plans were set on foot to conserve much more adequately the overflowing waters of the Thames against the parch of summer. Mr. Thomas badly needs employment schemes. We heartily commend to him this one.

Our Agricultural Correspondent writes: "The Potato Conference summoned to the Spalding Town Hall by Mr. James Blindell, M.P., was interesting psychologically as well as for its valuable practical results. Before the meeting was held, despair reigned among the growers and mutual suspicion stalked among the various interests concerned in bringing potatoes from the farm to the kitchen. Mr. Blindell handled the meeting admirably. Hard words were not spared as each section in the trade voiced its views and its complaints about the other sections, for long made behind their backs. But what was said was said with such evident sincerity that it was equally applauded by all sides, for instinctively it was felt that it merely represented a clearing away of obstacles that had too long stood in the way of common action for the common good. Self-discipline and self-organization was the demand, not Government subsidies or Protection. It is significant that whenever the agricultural industry in other countries has been down and out, this is the line that has been taken. It is also a good omen that it has nearly always marked the moment of its re-birth into prosperity."

EMPIRE FREE TRADE?

IN a celebrated speech, out of which a generation later was to grow Mr. Chamberlain's great agitation for Imperial preference, Disraeli once said that we ought never to have given self-government to the Dominions except on conditions. For example, one condition might have been that the Dominions should undertake to give preference to imports from the Mother Country; another, that some share in the vast undeveloped lands of the Dominions should be reserved to the Mother Country as Crown Lands for uses that seemed most profitable. The first condition would by this time have given us a *Zollverein* within the Empire. Some disadvantages there might have been, for gifts with conditions attached are apt to become unpopular. The bonds that unite the Empire might have been less sentimental, and possibly less strong, and the development of the Dominions might have been less rapid. But we should have been able to face our present unemployment problem with more confidence and less perplexity.

The idea of a British Empire economically self-contained and independent of the rest of the world has a permanent attraction for most of us. The most hardened Free Trader sometimes softens towards it, for after all, though a tariff might be necessary against the rest of the world, the fiscal system within the walls would represent an enormous extension of the area of Free Trade. Distance, the old obstacle to such a system, has been conquered. Instead of being, as it is now, a loose combination of friendly allied countries under one Crown, the British Empire would have become a United States, with communications by air and sea instead of by rail but economically as close a unity as the American Union and even more self-contained. The two unions of English-speaking peoples might by now be observing with some jealousy the rise of a United States of Europe, and speculating on what common policy they should pursue towards it.

Such speculations often engage the thoughtful leisure of most of us, and they explain the general impulse of friendliness (which neither Protectionists like Mr. Baldwin nor Free Traders like Lord Beaverbrook have been able to resist) towards the campaign of Lord Beaverbrook. But politics begin where speculation ceases, and there is a limit to the power of advertisement, however vigorous, to alter facts or to commend a bad article. For better or worse the Dominions have attained a status equal to our own. They have industrial as well as agricultural ambitions. Preference to Dominion agricultural products has no attractions for British manufacturers, any more than Dominion preference to the products of British industry has for Dominion manufacturers.

Lord Beaverbrook has never faced this initial difficulty. How is he going to conciliate the farmers in England and the industrialists in the Dominions? The only visible suggestion on this head is contained in the statistics of trade which show that the products of the Argentine are gaining in our market at the expense of those of Canada, and we can well imagine that this gain, if it continues, would

cause very serious alarm to Canadian farmers. Undoubtedly a preference to Canadian foodstuffs would make them happy again, but only by making British industrial products more formidable competitors of Canadian industries. Lord Reading, in supporting the suggestion that a project of Imperial Free Trade should be put on the agenda of the coming Economic Conference, said that at any rate discussion could do no harm. Surely it might set the Canadian farmers and the steel industry in Canada by the ears? It might introduce a new cross-division of opinion in Imperial politics that would be exceedingly dangerous, and completely destroy those invisible bonds of sympathy which proved so immensely strong in the war. At present our relations with the Dominions are not an issue in politics either here or there. But directly we approach this problem they become not merely a political issue but one which may make it more difficult for large classes in our "united states" to make their living.

Until these risks have been considered, the project may be a dangerous solvent of Imperial unity. There is no evidence that Lord Beaverbrook and his friends have considered them. We do not say that these initial difficulties may not be surmounted safely; but there is no evidence that they have even been faced, and until they have been, subscription to a general idea, however attractive in itself, may be a most unpatriotic act.

Equally serious might be the inevitable disturbances to the course of trade. The project does involve very great risks to our trade with our commercial competitors and in neutral markets. Lord Beaverbrook, before he begins his campaign, must be prepared to risk losing a great part of this trade, or continuing it under increasingly grave handicaps, for nothing is so certain as that other nations would fight our Imperial tariff against them by an increased tariff against us. This risk might be worth taking, but only in the confident expectation that the trade with the Dominions would increase fast enough to make it worth while. Commercial rivalry produces wars, and the isolation into which this policy would lead us might expose us to an extremely dangerous situation.

Now our hopes of the future of our Dominions may be boundless. Both Canada and Australia may some day support a population as large as our own, and a favoured market there might guarantee us against the fear that haunts many minds in these days, that we cannot continue to support indefinitely in these islands the natural increase of our population. But the risks would be immediate; the compensation remote and contingent. After all, the population of all our Dominions is not as great as that of France alone and Europe is a potential market at least three times as large as any that we can look forward to in our Dominions for at least fifty years.

We are not saying that these considerations definitely rule the project of a Free Trade Empire out of practical politics. But though there must always be some element of speculation and risk in all great political changes, they must be based on sober reason and careful consideration of all the elements of the problem and not on a gamble. Lord Beaverbrook's idea is not new; it has fascinated many thoughtful Englishmen

for two generations at least. The idea, great as it is, has become common property. Such ideas are valuable only in proportion to the amount of new thought that is put into them, and their success in overcoming the practical difficulties. It is at this point that practical politics begin. We are not satisfied that Lord Beaverbrook has contributed anything new, and the interests are too enormous to expose them to the capricious hazards of a newspaper campaign.

BETTER MIDWIVES

WE are not so far removed from the times of Sarah Gamp as is generally believed. Until Mr. Balfour's Government in 1902 passed the Midwives Act, setting up the Central Midwives Board, the harum-scarum methods of Mrs. Gamp and her friend Mrs. 'Arris ruled everywhere. Indeed, until the passing of the Midwives Act there was no one but the fictitious Mrs. 'Arris to set an ideal standard in midwifery. Since 1902, great changes have slowly been taking place in the calling of these ladies, and progress has been to a large extent due to the tactful operations of the Central Midwives Board.

But even though there exists a strong case for satisfaction with the conduct of the Central Midwives Board as an intermediate stage in the development of an important profession, no one can say that the full development of this profession has yet been reached. A well supervised first-rate service of competent women, furnished with the most up-to-date knowledge, selected from persons of intelligent bearing, falls very far short of an accurate description of the average midwife in the average town or village. Midwives are still sometimes illiterate persons; women still practise this profession who are incapable of recording temperatures or of writing reports of their cases. Frequently they are at odds with the supervising local authority; too often they are ready on any pretext to earn a few extra pence. Such circumstances do not make for a satisfactory profession. Nevertheless, in view of the part played by the Central Midwives Board in developing the profession of midwives since 1902, the criticisms which this Board brings to bear upon the recommendations of the departmental committee of the Ministry of Health deserve serious consideration.

The Central Midwives Board, according to its own description of itself, can hardly be held to be a very progressive institution. "Most of the representatives nominated by the bodies concerned have remained members for many years" is the Board's own description of itself; it adds, "it is a matter for regret that the Ministry of Health has frequently altered its nominees, and still more so that the persons nominated are often unable to attend the meetings of the Central Midwives Board owing to pressure of other duties." From this somewhat ingenuous description two things are manifest: the average age of those who sit regularly on the Central Midwives Board is something that it would be impolite to mention in public, and it seems that there has for some time been friction between the Ministry of Health (and the Poor Law Institutions under their control) and the Central Midwives Board.

That such circumstances should have arisen is

not surprising; it in no way involves disrespect for the work of the Central Midwives Board. Indeed, the very method of nomination to this body, the very necessity to maintain in a limited profession the highest standards of efficiency and tradition has laid the Central Midwives Board open to criticism on account of its merits. No one can say that the Board is failing in its long and difficult task. It has instituted a certificated profession where there was none before; it has made provision for various systems of lectures as well as practical experience. That these should to a certain extent have come in conflict with the aims of the Ministry of Health does not mean that they have themselves been a doubtful contribution to the welfare of the nation; it merely means that since 1902 we have come to recognize the need for a greater unity in health services than was hitherto considered practical in political questions of this nature.

The present causes of discontent seem to lie, in the first place, in the relationship between the midwife, the local supervising authority and the Ministry of Health, and, in the second, in the general raising of the profession so as to bring the midwife into more general harmony with the wider aims of the Ministry of Health. The situation at the moment between all the supervising authorities is not one in which Mrs. Gamp can be expected to retain complete control of her temper. Indeed, the supervising local authorities set up under the 1902 Act, with power to make complaints about midwives, are placed in an invidious position. The office of calling attention to complaints is one which Mrs. Gamp is likely only to resent and not in the least likely to appreciate. There can be no doubt, in our opinion, that the Ministry of Health has a far more important place in the scheme of inspecting the work of midwives than has the Central Midwives Board. The province of the Board is that of disciplinary action within a profession, the province of the Ministry of Health is towards the setting up of an efficient "health service" which shall take charge in every detail of the production of children. Therefore, dual inspectorship, whether in regard to training or to the practice of midwives, seems to be redundant and unnecessary.

But the most important aspect of the reforms advocated by the Departmental Committee is that they clearly foreshadow a well-conceived improvement in the status of the health worker. Last year, when Lady Astor's amendments to the Local Government Act were under discussion, we drew attention to the unsatisfactory and unco-ordinated service upon which maternity and child welfare centres now have to rely. This is the fault of nobody; but the situation is not excusable on that account. To establish a maternity health service competent to deal with ante-natal work, post-natal work, midwifery and birth control, almost everyone will now agree, is the ultimate aim of the Ministry of Health. That the Ministry of Health should seek to obtain further control of such a profession is merely part of the process of development of a co-ordinated health service in regard to women and children. It is not on that account to be resented as a lowering of the standard of the profession of midwifery; it is a step towards its co-ordination with an efficient health service directed by the Ministry of Health.

THE CENTRE OF LONDON AND THE CHARING CROSS SCHEME

By D. S. MACCOLL

WHAT is the centre of London? One of the newspapers recently discussed that question, and decided for a multiplicity, business, commercial, administrative, residential and what not. But one centre was ignored, the geographical, and it may surprise many people to be told that it lies on the Surrey side, with St. George's Circus and the Elephant and Castle as two neighbouring points from which the road-radii depart.

The obscurity of this centre arises from the fact that we habitually think of the River as running East and West, whereas from Vauxhall to Charing Cross its course is northward and continues in curves that return to the base line at Greenwich; a straight line from the first to the last of these would run entirely through South London, like the string of a bow.

The thoroughfare difficulties of London spring from the choice of Tower Hill as the original fortified centre, and the consequent development of the City and its chief dependencies on the northern, concave side of the curve. In Paris the existence of islands in the river offered another nucleus; hence the town could develop on the flat, marshy side, embracing the other, with its University quarter on the heights. In London the flat side became a poor relation, separated by a wide tidal stream and a paucity of bridges so seriously as hardly to be thought of as continuous with the other. Moreover, bridges taking off from a high level on the Middlesex side had to come to ground by means of a viaduct, and the railways pushing across from the south added their viaducts, at irrational angles with the streets, to the general disorder. On the top of this came a new source of obstruction in the thoroughfares themselves, the laying down of trams. These render the streets on the Surrey side a misery for all traffic except their own, itself hindered by the competition of omnibuses.

A glance at the rough accompanying diagram will bring home the claim of the points I have named to be the actual, and in a much higher degree the potential, centre of London. Neglecting everything else, it shows the bridge roads radiating fan-like from this focus. A series of circles struck from the Elephant and Castle as centre would complete the demonstration. The innermost arc, on the hither side, intersecting Lambeth Bridge and London Bridge Station, passes through Lambeth Palace, St. Thomas's Hospital, the London County Council's Hall, and Southwark Cathedral. Take now a wider circle, cutting Vauxhall Bridge and the Tower Bridge. This encloses the Millbank Galleries, Westminster Abbey and Houses of Parliament, and intersects the Government Offices in Whitehall, Charing Cross Station, Somerset House, the Temple, St. Paul's, the Mansion House and the Tower. A wider circle still intersects Victoria Station, Buckingham Palace, Piccadilly Circus, the British Museum Station, Gray's Inn, Charterhouse and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Broad Street and Liverpool Street Stations. Finally, an arc starting from the Kensington Museum and Albert Hall intersects the two great parks, Hyde Park and Regent's Park, skirts University College and intersects the great northern stations and, among other things, the Agricultural Hall.

A key-position, surely! But it lies in a region be-devilled, as we have seen, and darkened by cross-viaducts (see railway lines on plan), by trams, by insufficient roadways and bridges. What will the Charing Cross "Improvement" Scheme do to knit it better with the ulterior bank and develop its possibilities? A study of the second plan will answer

that question. A new and wide road will cross the river, but after serving the new station it will hug the blind wall of the railway and take an ugly switch-back turn over Waterloo Bridge Road, darkening that thoroughfare for some 350 feet. But that is only one of the new amenities. The line York Road-Stamford Street is also to be tunnelled over for a corresponding space, and the railway station itself is so placed as to block the riverside quarter, already obstructed at the other end by the Hall of the County Council, which with characteristic foresight has made an embankment road at this point impossible, and throttled the approach to Westminster Bridge. Sir Edwin Lutyens has, it is true, improved on the original lay-out by providing a section of river-front road either side of the new bridge approach. But the scope of his improvements has been strictly limited, and the general result of the railway company's insistence on a riverside station is to intensify the muddle of London-over-the-water.

On the other side he has been up against the difficulty of keeping the exact lines of the existing railway bridge and steering clear of the Underground station. He has avoided the incredible parcelling-out of the Charing Cross Station site into fragments, as in the original draft by the engineers; but his road takes a devious course, with a particularly ungainly pear-drop space at the Embankment turn. Both on this side and the other the course is destructive of important properties and correspondingly costly: the Old Vic. on one side, Coutts's Bank, Gatti's Restaurant and St. Martin's Rectory and Schools are among the victims. Nor are communications well served. There is no connexion with the Embankment for wheels, so that traffic from that thoroughfare must fight its way round by the Strand. Indeed, the new road will tempt traffic from the Northern terminals to pass through London, instead of circling, as some future ring-road should render possible.

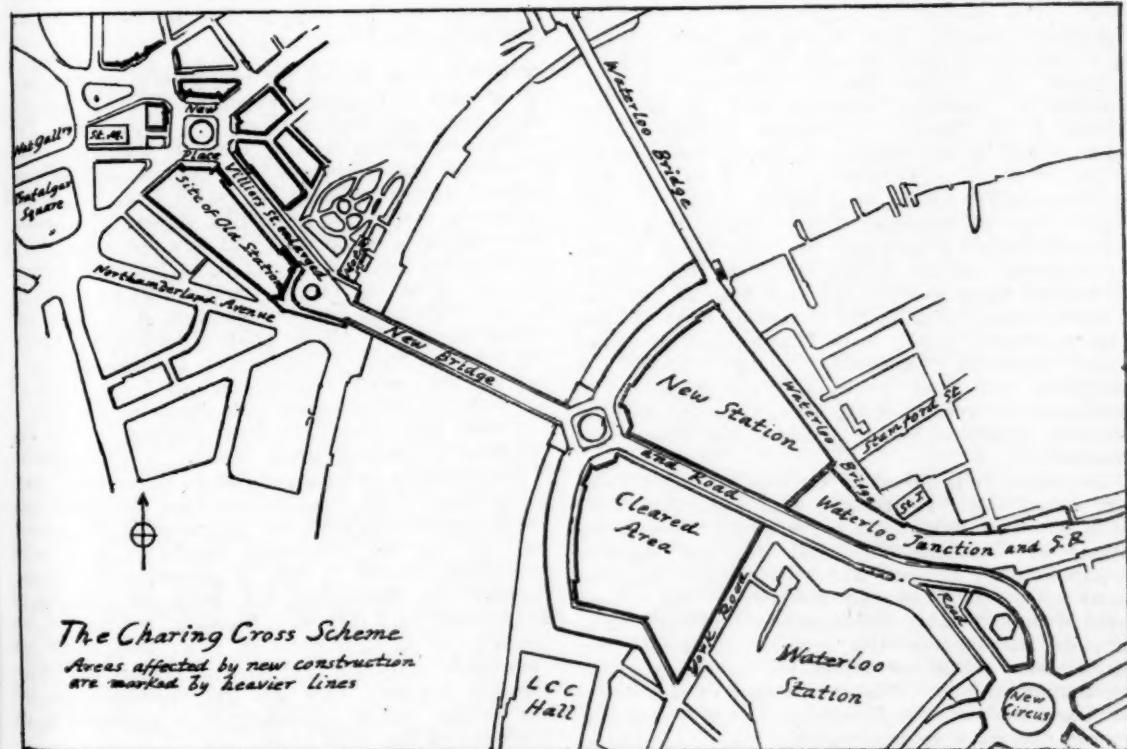
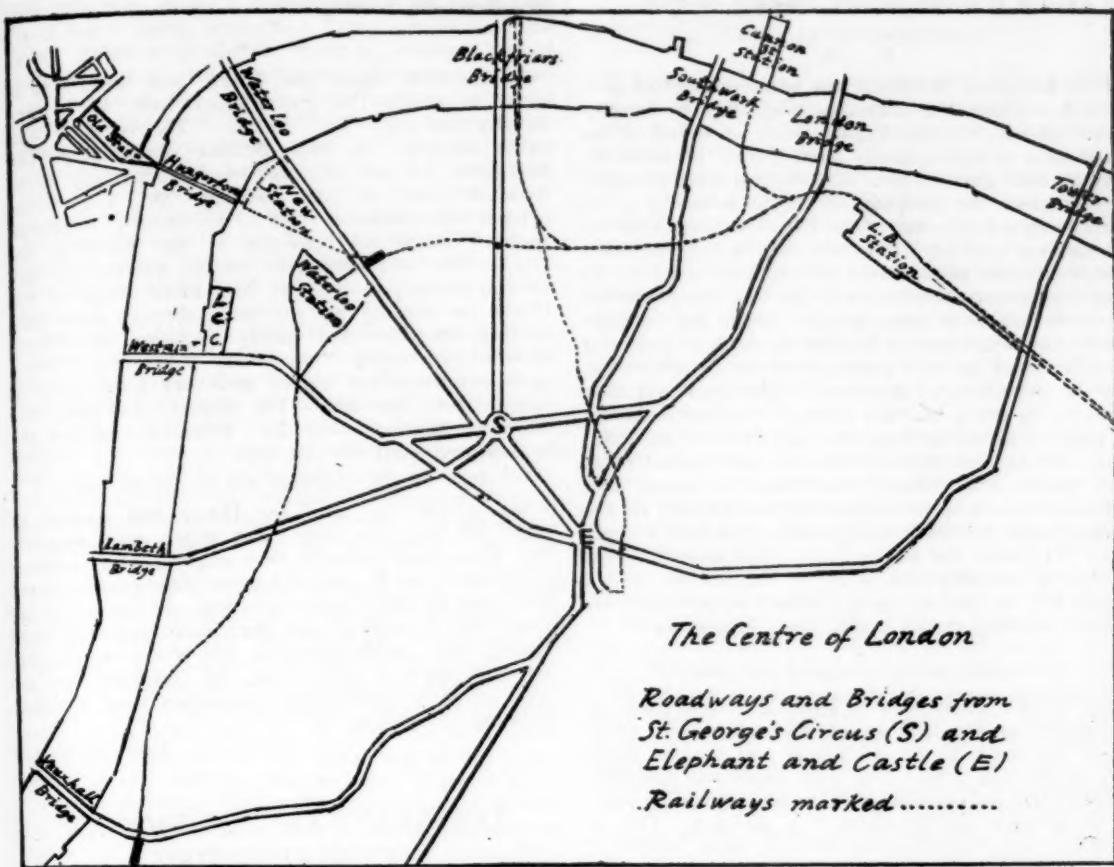
These are some of the counts against a scheme which should obviously be reconsidered. The Royal Institute of British Architects, under its new President, Sir Banister Fletcher, has made an appeal which will surely be listened to; for a model, first of all, to make the scheme intelligible to the layman; and for a delay sufficient to allow of a competition in which architects could combine with engineers to tackle and master the problem. Meantime, Parliament might sanction the undisputed heads of the scheme; namely, the removal of the station and construction of a bridge and roadway; nor is there any reason why the strengthening of Waterloo Bridge and some part of the Embankment clearing and construction should not give work forthwith for the unemployed.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

TWO points of significance arise out of last Thursday's rout of the Government and its *sequelæ* in Party conclave. One is the lack of cohesion in the Labour Party. The debate on Clause 4 centred round the definition of "genuinely seeking work." It is felt on all hands that the Insurance Fund should be protected from the idle loafer who desires neither to toil nor to spin, but the attempt to frame words, which will exclude him, and at the same time admit, without unnecessary inquisition, the genuine seeker for work, has so far proved beyond the ingenuity of Parliament. If the Labour Party were truly Socialist, if they had a positive and realistic industrial policy, the task would be less difficult. The fact is, however, that the Labour Party is not to-day Socialistic but Capitalistic, not realistic but sentimental. They are becoming less and less concerned with the respectable, if visionary, desire

THE CENTRE OF LONDON



PLANS TO ILLUSTRATE ARTICLE BY D. S. MACCOLL OPPOSITE

to remodel society and are more and more sinking into an attempt to work the present system so as to buy votes. In the process of this subsidence, the flaws in the Party's structure become glaringly obvious.

Miss Margaret Bondfield has been, throughout this turmoil, a lonely and somewhat tragic figure. Loyalty to her officers, a desire to face facts, an appeal to the vision of a system that has some chance of working, have all distinguished her. But she has been left quite alone to face the bullying of her back-benchers, the double-tongued criticism of the Liberals—now insisting on abstract economy, now whittling away her safeguards—and the constructive and technical amendments from the Conservative benches. No one has supported her from her own front bench. True, Sir William Jowitt has intervened in a polished manner now and then, but only at such moments as would secure for him the popularity of surrender. The thankless task of trying to get a bad Bill through the Committee in its original form has been left entirely to Miss Bondfield. When the Attorney-General had yielded point after point, and reduced the Clause to chaos, Mr. Baldwin intervened to suggest the withdrawal of the whole Clause for re-drafting. Miss Bondfield's reply was : "I thank the Right Hon. Gentleman for what is a very valuable and practical suggestion, and I accept it." It was at once a tribute to Mr. Baldwin and a pathetic rebuke to her own supporters.

Mr. Arthur Henderson is gaining a reputation for a wiliness in the conduct of his department which would do credit to the starkest and suavest diplomat of the old time. The only important difference between the old cunning and the new seems to relate to the quarter against which it is directed. The old diplomat, who figured in the pre-war novel, addressed his subtle mind to the task of outwitting the enemies of his country. In modern days, the wiles of the Foreign Office appear to be directed against Parliament. The conduct of negotiations for renewing diplomatic relations with Russia has been marked by a childlike candour towards the Soviets and the cleverest equivocation towards Parliament. The question of resuming relations with Russia was debated in the House of Commons on November 5 on a motion by Mr. Henderson asking for approval of the Protocol of October 3, signed by him and M. Dovgalevsky in the rural glades of Lewes. The House gave its approval then to Mr. Henderson's Protocol, Article 9 of which made the whole agreement depend for its validity upon the approval of Parliament being given in its next Session. It was assumed that "Parliament" meant what it has hitherto meant, namely both Houses, and the safeguard appeared reasonable enough when the Commons had their preliminary discussion. The Ambassadors have, however, been exchanged and the approval stipulated for in Article 9 has never been obtained.

The matter was raised by Captain MacDonald and Mr. Mond. Mr. Henderson, with disarming bluntness, said that in his view "Parliament" meant the House of Commons only, and that the approval required by the Protocol had been given by the discussion in that House in November. Mr. Mond tried his best to move the adjournment of the House, in order to examine this curious contention, but Mr. Speaker would not accept his motion as within the Standing Order. The only feature of this singular transaction of Mr. Henderson's, which makes it appear due more to incompetence than to cunning, is the fact that "approval in the next Session of Parliament" could not, strictly speaking, be given until the autumn of 1930, by which time there may

be no Labour Government. It is unfortunate that the relations between this country and Russia should be regulated by a document of such dubious interpretation and validity.

On Tuesday night the House was treated to a scene in which the protagonists were Mr. Hore-Belisha and Mr. Tom Shaw. The occasion was trivial enough. Mr. Hore-Belisha commented on the noticeable absence of front-bench support for Miss Bondfield and, at that moment, Mr. Tom Shaw entered the House. Mr. Hore-Belisha thereupon made a humorous reference to the Secretary for War. The reference was neither particularly tart nor particularly witty, but Mr. Shaw surprised the House by nursing his grievance through some succeeding speeches and finally charging Mr. Hore-Belisha with being "studiously insulting." Thereupon pandemonium ensued and very little could be heard above the din. The deputy chairman, Mr. Dunnico, appeared like Mr. Pickwick cast for the incongruous part of him who

Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm—but it was not until the House had shouted at itself for half an hour that peace was restored. Mr. Shaw was certainly very angry. This pompous sensitiveness on the part of Labour Members has always been one of their characteristics. In part it arises from the theoretical and doctrinaire habit of mind which, like a schoolmaster's, will brook no criticism. In large part it arises from the fact that they are less inured to unmannerly opposition than are their political opponents.

FIRST CITIZEN

THE STATE OF POLITICS AND CONSERVATISM

BY J. DE V. LODER

[Captain Loder was M.P. for East Leicester in the last Parliament.—ED. S.R.]

I HAVE been abroad for nearly three months, out of reach of English newspapers. When I left, the Election post-mortem frenzy was dying down. The political world was chewing the cud. I return to find a healthy public appetite for politics and all the political parties suffering too badly from indigestion to face the preparation of political dishes. The Labour Party wants to be Socialist and dare not, the Conservative Party gets more and more Socialist without wanting to be, the Liberal Party would be anything, except Proletarian and Protectionist, if it could find something to be. All the political leaders are repeating with St. Paul, "That which I would not that I do, and that which I would that do I not" and all are similarly embarrassed with thorns in the flesh.

I have just come back from Moscow, where this situation is causing great hilarity in the Kremlin. "Everything is panning out just as we foretold," says the pundits; "the reactionaries have shot their bolt, the bourgeois reformers are disillusioning the masses, the day for the proletarian revolution is drawing perceptibly nearer." This is nonsense, of course, because the Bolsheviks will insist on thinking of Englishmen as if they were Russians, but there is this much truth in their point of view, that unless the reasonable politicians stop marking time in the Parliamentary bog-hole, they will get swallowed up, and the country will be in danger of a stampede to the extremes of the right or the left.

It is not very original to say "something must be done," but a great many people say it meaning only something that everybody agrees with. It is not doing

something to explore avenues. Avenues do not need exploring. Anybody can walk along them quite comfortably. Explorers do not walk along avenues but cut their way through jungles and climb mountains. It is not "doing something" to attack problems even. There is no dispute about a problem. Unemployment is a problem, international peace is a problem, but there is no live issue in them because the armies are all on the same side. Besides, a problem is an abstraction, and an attack must be delivered against something concrete, usually people. Real exploring and attacking are, however, excellent things to do and go quite well together. Begin by making a map of anything hitherto inaccessible, and then do not be afraid of calling anyone who disputes its accuracy a liar. The opponent must either give in or do a better map.

Someone might say that the political parties have tried this, that the Labour Party stands for Nationalization, the Conservative Party for Protection and the Liberal Party for schemes of National Development. As a matter of fact not one of them really believes in its panacea: at least, not enough either to secure internal unity on the subject or to throw out its own rebels, let alone convince the unattached electorate. Candidates are more often returned because the other side is unpopular than because of any enthusiasm for their own programmes.

At the time of my return the newspapers were full of the recent Conservative Conference in London. A foreigner reading these reports might be excused for supposing that Conservative policy consisted in a drastic curtailment of social services in order to reduce taxation, in the use of tariffs as a means of fostering home industries and securing the economic unity of the British Empire, and in the mobilizing of the world against Soviet Russia. This is what a great many foreigners do think. Only a few would stop to wonder why Mr. Baldwin did not seem to bother to rouse the enthusiasm of his supporters by driving home these points. In England, of course, we know that the principal task of a party leader is tactfully to explain to his supporters why he cannot do anything they suggest. Consequently, no party ever has a real policy. An equilibrium of forces produces infirmity of purpose. The rank and file express their views; the leaders dissent, but it is horribly risky to take another line. All that happens is that when a party is in power its leaders do whatever occurs to them as sensible, hoping that it will not attract too much attention, and, when it is in opposition, their chief hope is to profit by their opponents' mistakes.

This is obviously a deplorable state of affairs. The policy advocated by the Conservative Conference is at least comprehensible and logical. If the party really believes in it, leaders ought to be found to carry it out and dissidents will resign. If, as I hope, it is the expression of old ideas that have never been replaced, then it is the business of the leaders to replace them at once. On this second assumption let us look for something that meets the demands of the times, and do not let us be afraid of making enemies.

The Conservative Party makes a speciality of the Empire and the land: it has, up till now, only toyed with these subjects. The Conservative view is supposed to take particular account of individual independence and enterprise: the craftsman, the smallholder, the fisherman, the house owner, have so far looked for help in vain. It is no new idea that the only answer to Socialism is a wider distribution of property, and that the task of this country is to establish an economic democracy based on private ownership. Here is a principle easy to grasp, attractive to the imagination, capable of being applied in a hundred ways to industry and agriculture. Why does not the Conservative Party take it up when it is so much in line with its best thought and tradition?

THE COMPLEAT CARPOPHILIST

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

THE epicure's, like the doctor's, is a hard life. There is scarcely a moment throughout the year when he can call his soul his own. If there were nothing for him to worry about but wine it would be bad enough. The constant anxiety of deciding what new vintages are worth laying down, the difficult task of diagnosing the moment when the old have reached their prime, and throughout the long winters, the haunting fear of a dangerous change of temperature in the cellar, such things are enough to unhinge all but the strongest minds. And on top of all this concern with liquids comes his ceaseless responsibility towards the solids. The twelfth of August, the first of September and October, and all those months with an "r" in them must never be wholly absent from his reckonings. But these are known dates. The unknown dates, the movable feasts, such as the day when the first plovers' eggs arrive or the new consignments of caviare from Astrakhan, must be tirelessly watched for since they are unpredictable.

The matter in hand at the moment is none of these, but yet another vast province of the blessed realm of gluttony, namely Fruit. With a tinge of the pedantic and the precious proper to the theme, Mr. Edward A. Bunyard in an enthralling book, 'The Anatomy of Dessert,'* discusses learnedly and glutonously our English fruits. His book would bring water to the mouth of the most hardened ascetic.

But those persons who entertain the disgusting belief that wine was created to quench the thirst and food to fill the belly had better avoid Mr. Bunyard. He writes for the enlightened: his concern is with the dining-table, not the trough. A classic anecdote quoted by him in his chapter on peaches, concerning Petit Radel, preceptor to King Louis XVIII, should be enough to warn off the puritan. It illustrates the exquisite complexity of a true appreciation of fruit. The peach in the story was divided into four. The first quarter was eaten for its juice, the second for its flesh, the third for its aroma, and the fourth to assess the total effect; for a fruit that fails in any one of these tests cannot be pronounced of the first class. Perhaps it is because the quince comes so badly out of this inquisition that Mr. Bunyard has ignored it completely. Its juice is as much to seek as the juice of the carrot, its flesh is like that of an ink eraser, its aroma is exquisite. But that one excellence is not enough and nobody that I ever heard of eats a raw quince.

Mr. Bunyard's book, though written in prose, is of the essence of poetry, and like all good poetry it is highly practical. He knows each variety of each fruit and calls it by its name, and he describes lovingly and accurately its flavour, texture and appearance, its excellences and shortcomings, and tells when it should be gathered and when, on a subtle expected change in its appearance, it is ready for eating—a moment often difficult to discover, as in the case of the pear.

To describe a flavour is no easy matter, but by dint of metaphor and simile the author succeeds in conveying to the mind's palate an amazing variety of tastes. From the chapter on apples, naturally the longest in the book, we learn that Blenheims have a nutty flavour, that Russets taste of fennel, that the

* 'The Anatomy of Dessert.' By Edward A. Bunyard. Limited Edition 1,000 copies signed and numbered. Dulau. 10s. 6d.

Allington Pippin has a pleasant pineapple acid, the American Mother a strong hint, condemned by some, approved by others, of pear-drop, and that Ellison's Orange has, for the author, a fatal taint of aniseed which a friend, going even further, stigmatized as "chemist's-shop." He does not mention Meredith's "apple of the briar scent" which has always seemed to me a very apt definition of the scent and flavour of certain apples. An apple, he says, and I agree with him, must be "crisp and crunchable," for there is "a certain joy in crashing through the living tissue, a memory of Neanderthal days"; but "a pear should have such a texture as leads to silent consumption," and so he excludes, and I would be the last to blame him, "all those notoriously crisp and glassy in flesh."

Who could resist the description, in the chapter on pears, of the Winter Nelis, "rich and vinous, while the flesh is buttery and fondant," or the Duchesse de Bordeaux whose "white flesh melts at a touch and yields a fragrant sweet juice which is the perfection of balance," or that finest of all pears, the Doyenne du Comice, "which melts upon the palate with the facility of an ice"?

A familiar flavour in pears is the musk flavour, but mere musk alone is too much of a good thing: it must be corrected by "a due proportion of acidity," a certain briskness, a spice of wit, as it were, in a sweet disposition. It is for its notable muskiness that some epicures condemn that admirable pear, the Williams, which, I believe, most people ignorantly call "William," as, on the contrary, they speak of "Revelations." In other pears lurks an almond flavour, others have "a vinous quality," others taste of honey or the perfume of the rose. It begins to appear that the proper appreciation of fine fruit is as delicate and complex a business as that of wine.

It is hard, with one's imagination tingling from a perusal of Mr. Bunyard, to speak dispassionately of the peach. Even to read of the Duke of York is delicious, with skin "of a rich crimson hue and the pale greenish-yellow flesh melting and refreshing"; of Crimson Galande "with its dark marbled flush"; and "pale flesh flecked with red at the stone, of great richness and flavour"; Goshawk, whose "red-brown flush approaches blackness, but the flesh preserves its pale colour and has a juicy and melting quality in which sweetness, acidity and vinous flavour blend in happy rivalry"; and Bellegarde, whose flesh has "a solidity as of good butter, and as readily melting."

And so we might go on to consider nectarines (second to the peach in texture but even finer in flavour), apricots ("plums concealed beneath a peach's coat," says the famous Dr. Muffet), melons, figs, plums and strawberries, not to mention other fruits and the various tribes of nuts, until we succumbed to a surfeit of the imagination. For fear of that, we had perhaps better drop the succulent subject.

I can find only two points of disagreement with Mr. Bunyard. He is too kind to the gooseberry, and he permits himself a gross injustice to the water melon or pasteque. "Beloved," he says, "by the early Egyptians and the South American negro, and certain other races whose aim is distension and not degustation, we leave them in their hands with a facile resignation." Well, it may be true—I am sure it is, since Mr. Bunyard says so—that "they are not even a branch of the melon family, but a Citrullus"; and I will admit that eighty per cent. of them are not to be distinguished from a slice of raw turnip dipped in sweetened water, but I will also assert that I have not infrequently tasted a water melon or pasteque that dissolved at a first faint squeeze between tongue and palate and left behind it the aroma of a Gloire-de-Dijon rose, and no one can say more than that.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

GIVEN FOR THE FEAST OF THE NATIVITY, A.D. 1929,
IN VIEW OF THE COMING YEAR

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

MY dear young man. You need advice. I will give you some. If you are wise you will take it.

You were born in my own station of life, that is, in the over-cultivated and penniless middle-class. You have been trained to no profession. You have been to a public school. You have passed with or without distinction through one of those two old Universities, the wide and profound learning of which is the envy of Europe. You find yourself with the modern world before you and you know not what to do. I will tell you.

Let us begin with the most important thing in life, which is money. If you have not yet appreciated the truth that money is everything, you will soon. You cannot in the modern world be even a free man without it; you have no opportunity of exercising choice, you are a bound servant; or, if you do not accept that condition, you are a rebel and suffer the pains of the rebel. All that you may have imagined to be somehow superior to money, culture or taste, the tone of the friends to whom you are accustomed; necessary leisure, choice, every kind of travel and experience, has for a first necessity money. Far more important, money alone brings you the respect of your fellow beings. It has been well said that a man's standing with his fellows depends upon three factors, all of them turning upon money: with how much money he is connected: how long it has been possessed by the family: how long it is likely to remain in their possession. Still more important, money is the basis of your own respect for yourself, without which man's life is steeped in irremediable misery. There is no such thing to-day as a life of proud poverty. You may enjoy it to the most for a few hours, or, if you are very lucky, a few days, between your beginning of the experiment and your condemnation by the lawyers to your first term of imprisonment. Do not attempt it.

From all this you may perhaps rashly conclude that money in the largest possible amount should be your object, and that I am about to make public the rules for its attainment (which you hope to be so simple that even you can grasp them). Here you err. I am about to do nothing of the sort. Though it is true that in proportion to the amount of money you have are you admired, respected and even loved by your fellow citizens, yet it is not true that in the same proportion do you acquire respect for yourself and that inner satisfaction, that moderate leisure, and, in general, that negative happiness which we all seek. For the attainment of these what is required is no very great sum but a sufficiency for living one's life among one's fellows after the fashion in which one has been brought up and with a margin ample enough to educate a child or two and to leave each with a lucrative profession or an independence.

To say that, with a competence of this kind (say under post-war conditions £4000 a year) you will satisfy ambition or even be looked up to by your fellows would be ridiculous, but with it you avoid embarrassment. It is embarrassment that kills a man, in mind and body and soul. It is embarrassment that breeds overwork, worry, dependence and the bitter self-reproach of dependence.

Here you will say "Surely, since the larger the sum the greater the respect and glory, I should strain for the largest possible sum?" No: for in the attempt you risk far more than you gain. In every age the attainment of very great fortune has implied this

condition. It has always been buying a pound for thirty shillings. To-day these vast amounts are to be attained only by various forms of theft and swindling of which the commonest is the using of special knowledge or judgment (real or imagined) for making others sell to you far below the true value and yourself selling to them far above it. Now it is a necessary part of this game that the winners (who make the laws and whom the system of justice and police is organized to serve) shall make it as difficult as possible for another to filch what they have obtained. Therefore, by a pretty paradox, precisely the same tricks which procure a man great fortune if they just come off, land him in gaol or in the gutter if they do not. I have lived long and watched many men, my contemporaries. Of those few who began life with the fixed determination to accumulate great sums, not one in ten has reached later middle age without grave misfortune. Of these only a minority have actually passed through prison, but the rest would violently admit that the game had proved disastrous for them. So leave it alone.

Well, then, about that competence. Marry a woman who is a widow, childless and possessed of sufficient means. Let her be of your own rank—perhaps a trifle above it, but nothing singularly so; even (if she have the advantage of greater means) slightly below it—but at least with nothing remarkable in the way of accent or manner. Choose her for judgment and good temper: the two requisites, and the only two, necessary to prolonged agreement. The poet Hesiod laid it down that the man should be about ten years older than the woman. But I tell you that the woman should be about ten years older than the man. Why a widow? Because she will understand men, she will not be too impatient of your selfishness and folly, and you will be compelled to respect her, which is necessary in the relations of men to women and even in some degree in women to men. Be sure that she will soon bring you to a state in which she will be able to pay even you some degree of respect.

Associate with the rich; study them carefully; flatter them after the fashion which they individually enjoy and collectively demand. All of them demand flattery, but one likes a spice of opposition, another bold adulation, a third some considerable intervals of neglect, or (let us say) of repose from your society. But while you associate with the rich, never make their society necessary to you, and never acquire habits which would strain your resources. Thus it is as well not to shoot, save very rarely; but you may ride occasionally (if you can acquire the art) and certainly you may practise billiards, lawn tennis and all those other great activities which mark the governing classes of the State. Bridge, of course, is indispensable.

Neither give nor lend money with that loose emotion called "charity." It is a vice which grows on men and leads to infinite complications. Forbear to give one penny to individuals. Lend a little discreetly here and there, not with the object of relieving the borrower, but with some definite object of your own, such as a reputation with him or his attachment; or even (if you desire it) his absence. Write a little verse. Do not try to make it good, for you will fail; but see that it be not below a certain standard. For thoroughly bad verse renders men ridiculous, and to be ridiculous is to be damned. In this connexion let me warn you against the epigram, the witty tale, and above all, a general jocularity. Men are only too willing to enjoy the amusement afforded by the buffoon, but they will treat him with increased contempt the more he serves them. In the matter of wine, confine yourself to Champagne. If it makes you ill, drink a little of it; but drink *some*, you must. The habit common to the rich of pumping it up and down to get the bubbles out you will find a great

help and comfort through your brief life and especially with the advance of years. As for red wine it is silly to pretend any knowledge of it. Your contemporaries have long lost the faculty. It is merely literature, and you might as well be a foreigner at once.

Accept insult. The phantom "honour" is a source of untold misfortune to those who cling to it. But to do you justice I do not think you will be under any temptation. Insult in the modern world is rare, and when you have grown accustomed to occasional doses of it, you will hardly notice the taste. Run no man down, not even the poor, not even the dead; and here I would add a very hard commandment, but one the observance of which is essential. Do not even discuss other people behind their backs, save in the way of praise. This rule is particularly to be observed in the case of villains, and more particularly of those villains who steal public money, or in general abuse their position as public servants. Praise men according to their power; but praise all—remembering, however, not to wander into enthusiasm. And while you are praising, remember to praise a man for those talents in which you have noticed that he desires to shine but cannot.

The time will come, my dear young friend, when after the process of a life thus well spent, you will begin to feel the approach of a shadow, which is that of Death. Do not let it occupy your mind. Study carefully the health of your body, taking care to learn from your wealthier friends the names of specialists skilful in propping up and patching the teeth, the nose, the throat, the stomach, and other organs. Yet (and this is no light task) manage all the while to keep your mental visage turned away from the grave and those insoluble problems which it is a folly to attempt. By this I do not mean that you should ridicule the illusions of others, or such old-fashioned doctrines as may still survive among us. There is nothing upon which fools are more sensitive. But for yourself be rid of such whimsies altogether.

Do not tell me that it is impossible to avoid some consideration of your end. On the contrary, you may see the forgetfulness of it most successfully accomplished upon every side. An excellent tip, when you are finding the struggle too hard, is to take up some hobby, not too expensive, such as a collection of one lesser author of the past, such as Horace, or Rumanian pottery. Stamps are out of date. I have nothing to add save my sincere good wishes for your unfaltering conduct in such a life as I have prescribed for you, and my mournful assurance that though, towards its close, you will feel yourself not a little disappointed, you will at least have escaped the agonies, as also, of course, the triumphs and the vision and all the rest of it.

Farewell, and do not trouble me again.

A MATTER OF SENTIMENT

BY GERALD GOULD

LIKE other professional critics, I am accustomed to being abused; assaulted; horse-whipped; tarred and feathered; excluded from theatres, clubs, drawing-rooms and saloon bars; chased with blood-hounds—and, in short, worried—by authors whom I have had the foolhardiness to describe as sentimental. Why that word should be so bitterly resented, I have never understood. I am sentimental myself. Most of my friends are sentimental. Most critics are sentimental. All authors except Mr. Ernest Heming-

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way are sentimental . . . and I am not sure about Mr. Ernest Hemingway. Yet the attribution of this common failing—if, indeed, it be a failing—arouses passions which are best left undescribed. I have often asked the reason, as I have often asked who buys the books and who buries the dead donkeys. But mystery remains.

The paradox of art is this—that its sincerity has to be judged by result and not by intention. In this it differs from life, where obviously the intention is the only test. Who, in life, can form any estimate of results? The foulest bully, the grossest self-deceiver, may indirectly bring blessings; nobody can tell how anything can work out, and nothing does work out anyway; and, if the heart be pure, that suffices. (Though if you ask me what purity is, or what sufficiency, I must refer you to the moralists: my concern is for the moment with the truth.) In art, on the other hand, the most unchallengeable purpose, the most sacred dedication, amount in themselves to just absolutely nothing whatever. A clergyman's daughter may sit down to tell the world, through her fountain-pen, all the goodness that surges and effervesces in her heart: she may be self-sacrificing, idealistic, honest, beyond the dreams of the politicians, of the professional writers—or even of the clergyman: and yet she may produce stuff so sweet and sticky with false thought that the imagination retches at it. On the other hand, you have Byron, an undeniable cad, an admitted imbibier—

but I write this reeling,
Having got drunk exceedingly to-day,
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling—

producing poems of a purity so perfect, an exaltation so divine, that the human spirit must go for ever humble before them. It certainly does seem to involve a paradox; and I think it has something to do with the puzzle about sentimentality.

It has also something to do with Plato's doctrine of the lie in the soul. One of the wisest women I know said the other day that she could forgive dishonesty in criticism so long as it was intentional: let the wretched reviewer tell laudatory lies, she said, about the wretched author, if only he did it deliberately and boldly, with his tongue in his cheek or his cheque up his sleeve: what she could not stand was the unconscious dishonesty of the puffers and crabbers who believed what they wrote. Follow out this train of thought, and we begin to burrow at the roots of false sentiment. Is it better to deceive others because you mean to, or because you have first and more disastrously deceived yourself?

The argument leads me to a conclusion which I do not accept. Followed logically, it means that the great men of genius possess somewhere in the depths of their souls a fundamental integrity, unstained by indulgence and unscarred by sin, which the gushers of tosh do not possess. And that is simply not true. It is an attractive and defensible theory, but it swears with fact. If you and I were to choose between being Byron and being the inky incompetent with the heart of gold, we should choose the inky incompetence every time. Which proves that we are sentimentalists. And a very good thing to be!

It would be useful at this juncture to distin-

guish true sentiment from false. But I confess the task is beyond me. Sir James Barrie is condemned by the hard-faced and hard-hearted as a sentimentalist. I share that view. I admit that some of his plays cannot be suffered without shame: one groans in the spirit, one writhes and blushes in the flesh, at seeing such ineptitudes unveiled to the footlights: yet it remains that Sir James Barrie is a man of genius, and that his insight is greater than that of his detractors. His children are loathsome little tear-cadgers—at moments—but at moments they are children: and of how many children in fiction or the drama could you say that? I often hear Mr. Milne's 'Christopher Robin' denounced as the fabrication of a sentimentalist; and no doubt Mr. Milne, like every other normal human being, is sentimental over children; but Christopher Robin will live because he lives. Whereas there has recently appeared, and been widely and justly praised, a book about children which seemed to me to make the most sentimental, and therefore unsuccessful, attempts to escape from the reproach of sentimentality. It put, as 'Peter Pan' does, children in juxtaposition with pirates: and the pirates appeared to come, though, of course, the author did not mean it or know it (I forgot who first pointed this out to me), from 'Peter Pan.' The children came from nowhere. They were constructed on a theory. The theory was that children were hard and egoistic little beasts. Well, so some children are; and so are many adults; but to fashion fictitious characters on any theory at all is what I call false sentiment.

It has several times happened that, when I have singled out a particular episode in a book under review as impossible, the author has assured me that the episode was taken—was the only episode in the book that was taken—from real life! I accept the assurance, but not the correction. What happens in a book must be true to the scheme of the book. All that can be vouched for of any happening is its external manifestation, and even that will show differently to each different spectator: the things reported in the newspapers have behind them causes of which no newspaper can tell us: but precisely those causes are what the artist must make convincing. If it is not true to me, what care I how true it be? The explanation is the substance.

There is somewhere, somehow (is there not?) a meaning in life, a purpose. The artist's function is to reveal it to us. He may succeed in that, though his private life consist of a dreary succession of attempts to seduce his neighbours' wives. He may fail, though he be a Galahad. He may write superb poetry in the first case, sentimental rubbish in the second. Nay, more: a man who is feebly sentimental in the relations of living may keep a perfect integrity with his muse: a man who cares for his children and pays his bills may produce stuff whose effect is as false as the serpent. So, after all, the authors are right to abuse me for calling them sentimental. It is, Heaven knows, no charge against *them*. But it does reflect on their work, which they may be sentimental enough to consider more important.

Do I suggest, then, that art and life have no unity, no meeting-place? I do not. I am far from doing so. Even I am not sentimental enough for that!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1 The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

1 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

SCOTS AND ENGLISH

SIR,—This discussion seems to have wandered far from the point made by your original contributor. He, as I remember his article, pointed out that, to the Englishman, the Scot seems to make heavy weather in conversation, and, in debate, is given to the pedagogical manner. To this the relevance of contrasted lists of Great Men produced by the two races is hardly obvious.

In spite of Sir Thomas Urquhart, the Admirable Crichton, James Graham of Montrose, R. L. Stevenson, Andrew Lang, Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham and other romantic products of the north, it is, I fear, all too true that the social habit of us Scots is inelegant, but none of your contributors has guessed at one good reason why—the absence of an aristocratic tradition. (Aristocracy, that is, in the best sense of the word.) With the Union of the Crowns and, later, of the Parliaments, the native aristocracy tended to desert Scotland and accept the English traditions, and the vital part of modern Scotland is the product of only a century of intense industrialism. Four generations of Scots have been too busy making money—and a mess of the Forth and Clyde valleys—to depart very far from the social and intellectual standards of the peasant and the burgher. A cultured upper middle class has not yet been produced in effective bulk.

If, however, the Scottish social habit is irritating to the Englishman, let him rest assured that it is very rapidly changing. The local grammar school and one of the four Scottish universities were good enough for the sons of the well-to-do in my day, but nowadays the parents are all for the English public school (however fourth-rate) and, if humanly possible, Oxford and Cambridge. Among the poorer people, board school education is destroying dialect. The Highlanders are beginning to believe that Gaelic is "vulgar." The popular Press of Scotland is largely controlled from London. The Universities are largely staffed from Oxford and Cambridge. Industry keeps drifting southwards. In the Outer Isles they listen o' nights to Al Starita's dance music. And so on. And so on. And so on.

This denationalization of Scotland proceeds apace, and I cannot think it is a good thing for Scotland—or for the Empire, for that matter.

I am, etc.,
GEORGE BLAKE

LUNACY LAW REFORM

SIR,—“An Alienist” should not suppose either that I do not know my brief or that I am not prepared to back my statements with chapter and verse. I state that the public are alarmed at the existing state of affairs on the authority of conclusive evidence which I am prepared to produce for his inspection.

My statements, which he quotes, are not really contradictory. Murderers are responsible for their actions and are hanged. Homicidal maniacs are not so responsible and are detained in asylums. As for what he calls my dogmatism, does he expect me to believe that alienists cannot recognize homicidal mania in its early stages? I know them better than that.

It was an attendant of long service who stated that a pauper lunatic had the better chance of liberty. If the statement is the reverse of the facts, why did Lord Russell say in the House of Lords, on the 28th ult.,

that the public are perfectly right, no doubt, in looking with the very gravest suspicion on licensed houses, i.e., private asylums, which are run for private profit?

“An Alienist” states dogmatically that the basis of the “marked book” incident was doubtless damage to asylum property. Why? The book was, and is, my property. The incident, which was not trivial, aptly illustrates my point. I underlined certain passages in my own book. Lunatics deface books belonging to asylums. But from the point of view of the attendants, I was behaving like a lunatic. I am very well aware that the determination of the mental condition of the patients rests with the doctors. I am also aware that the doctors are guided largely by what the attendants tell them.

“An Alienist” has not read my letter properly. I did not say that my relatives had no knowledge of my incarceration. They were painfully aware of the fact—so much so that I had to keep their end up as well as my own. It was, therefore, out of the question for me to add to their acute distress by informing them that I was receiving pauper lunatic treatment. Is this incredible?

It is news to me that the man in the street knows all about insanity. I have discussed the question with very many laymen and I never yet met one who, when pressed on the subject, pretended to know anything about it. But two years or so ago a gentleman who had gone through a two-year course of psycho-analysis harangued me in the public street for twenty minutes, and ended up by threatening to punch me on the jaw for being such a fool as to confess that I had been in an asylum.

I regret both the length of this letter and the necessity for replying to “An Alienist.” May I say that since my release from the asylum, doctors and alienists have been among my best friends, and that I am indebted to them for protecting me against the slings and arrows of certain men in the street?

I am, etc.,
R. C. NELSEY
21 Brookland Rise,
N.W.11

SIR,—Mr. R. C. Nelsey is substantially correct when he states that a “pauper” has a better chance of regaining his liberty than a private patient. In the former case a relative or friend may apply for his discharge, but, as the Royal Commission pointed out in their report: “We consider that the initiative in regard to the discharge of a private patient rests unduly with the petitioner.”

People are sometimes detained for many years owing to the inaction of petitioners. This society has been instrumental in obtaining the discharge of persons alleged to be insane who, although previously detained for 9, 11, and 27 years respectively, have subsequently proved their sanity by normal life in the outside world. No member of the public would believe that these people had been incarcerated in asylums all these years, or for that matter, for any period.

An effective safeguard is essential. No one should be detained merely because of some idiosyncrasy or on account of the delusive fear of others as to what he (or she) might do. Independent expert opinion should be available, and the possibility of wrongful detention eliminated in such cases.

I am, etc.,
FRANCIS J. WHITE,
Secretary

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR LUNACY LAW REFORM
60 Avenue Chambers,
Southampton Row, W.C.1

UNWITTING HUMOUR

SIR,—Invented humour can be mildly amusing, but unwitting humour can be wildly so; an invented “schoolboy-howler” rarely comes up to the genuine

article. Perhaps that is why the entries in your recent Competition on verbal distortions failed to rise to the heights of the model set. It is a pity that the wording of the competition excluded historical examples such as that of the nervous scholar who in reading the Lessons from an eighteenth-century Lectionary in his college chapel made the curious statement, "Our Fathers have eaten four grapes . . ."

And (though this case is not strictly quite eligible) there was an innocent, but flustered, little schoolboy who credited Shakespeare with certain advice to a Modern Maiden : "Strip no further, pretty sweeting," he eagerly declaimed.

I am, etc.,
Derby

O. H. T. DUDLEY

PREVENTIVE DENTISTRY

SIR,—In your issue of November 30 there appears an article on the above subject, in which the writer takes exception to the following statements, contained in my book, 'Those Teeth of Yours: A Popular Guide to Better Teeth,' namely, that "how to prevent dental disease with all its attendant evils is now an open book to the Dental Profession," and that "Pyorrhœa would disappear if people would utilize the knowledge which modern dentistry is able to offer."

I would crave space in your columns to point out that the above definite statements can now be made, because, thanks to the valuable research work of W. D. Miller, P. R. Howe, May Mellanby, Guttorm Toverud, Kurt H. Thoma, etc., the causes of both dental decay and pyorrhœa are now established, and surely to avoid the cause constitutes true prevention.

I am, etc.,
J. MENZIES CAMPBELL,
Glasgow, W.2 L.D.S., D.D.S., F.R.S.E.
(Other Letters are held over)

THE THEATRE COAL AND KIPPERS

BY IVOR BROWN

The Shadows of Strife. By John Davison. Arts Theatre Club.
Drifters. British Silent Film. Stoll Picture House.

HERE is a common criticism of contemporary tragedy to the effect that it is not universal. I have never understood why Oedipus, whose story seems to me as particular as it is preposterous, should be certified as universal while the modern soldier, however moving and beautiful the tale of his destiny may be, is denied that academic passport to Parnassus. Perhaps the complaint is against the introduction of any intimate detail. Oedipus and Lear are passed as all correct because we never know their exact date or their taste in tailoring and breakfast dishes, while Stanhope of 'Journey's End' is denied by some to have any final importance because we know that he took a deal of whisky under strain in the year 1918. This donnish fuss about the "universal" in tragedy has always puzzled me; all that it boils down to in my reckoning is a warning to the tragic author against the introduction of supplementary and irrelevant pains and tribulations as second helpings for those who would sup with horror.

The point was brought home to me by Mr. Davison's piece. Mr. Davison is a Yorkshire railway-worker who wrote his play during the enforced leisure of the General Strike in 1926. That strike, as it affects a Yorkshire mining village, is his subject. As such, the play is no more "particular" than 'Julius Caesar' or 'Antony and Cleopatra.' But there is a

stage at which the distrust of particularity becomes justified. Mr. Davison starts pretty obviously as an industrial pacifist; he shows the beery, slogan-ridden, leader-driven, happy-go-lucky miner who bellows about Socialism and treats his wife as a slave, and he sets out to demonstrate the misery and futility that follow from the industrial warfare into which this fellow goes gaily marching with as much romantic innocence as any fragment of cannon-fodder destined for burial on a foreign field. So far, so fair. (Mr. Davison certainly does not appear as coal-owner's advocate; he is merely showing mining life in all its moods and humours.) But he goes wrong when he clusters together with the calamities natural to a long strike others which might possibly, but do not with any likelihood, follow the event of a trade dispute.

He wants to show us the coal-field as battle-field. Therefore he is fully justified in setting by the Brewsters' fireside old grand-dad Merridew, who was paralysed by a fall of coal in the pit many years ago and has been a living corpse with theological proclivities ever since. Merridew is a wonderful study of the old Puritan; from his emplacement by the fireside he rakes the family with texts, but to keep his poor bored mind from blaspheming the Creator for the accident which broke him he reads the Book of Form as keenly as the Book of Job and plays an elaborate game of backing horses with himself. Old Merridew sees the whole play through from his chair of unending vigil and the watch was kept by Mr. Cedric Hardwicke with an exquisite understanding of an age that is steady and yet serene. No touch of the comic gaffer infected this beautiful picture of the pinched and broken veteran. Mr. Hardwicke can mould his face along with his manner to these octogenarian essays; to see his mask on this occasion was to know exactly what happened to Falstaff's nose when it became as sharp as a pen.

On an old almshouse I saw the other day that it was built to entertain with its charity "Eight honest old impotent persons." Of such is old Merridew and of such must the mining areas be full. Amid all this reaction to war-plays and to certain years as the essence of tragedy, it is well to remember the unending casualty-lists and the afflictions of industry to which no armistice applies. But where Mr. Davison went wrong, I thought, was in going away from the universal story of the mines to pile strange horror upon horror. The bold, unbiddable boy might, it is true, take the occasion of a strike to become a gangster with the Yorkshire version of a Bowery tough, to commit a double theft and manslaughter, and to be sent to gaol. He might, but this seemed "too particular," to return to the original argument. So did the fact that the man he killed was his sister's lover and that his sister, who was pregnant and was thus deprived of the means of marrying in time, threw herself under a motor-car rather than face life on these terms. Possible, of course, but not probable; and not needed to give weight of tragedy to a theme already amply tragic.

But, while Mr. Davison presses his case too hard, forcing exotic theatrical terrors on to a theme rich in its own tribulation, he abundantly shows his power to report the social scene. The Birmingham Repertory Company won high praise with this piece on their home-ground and fully merited a London showing. Mr. Ayliff's production was more than competent on the whole. The fault was an occasional over-emphasis and the part of the father, sodden and self-satisfied amid all disaster, might have been better if less raucously played. But the company, as a whole, did sensitive and intelligent work. Miss Daphne Heard passed from the rough, slangy comedy of the daughter's part to reach triumphantly a vehement tragic note; Miss Cicely Oates was brilliantly the patient wife, in a part most gently expressive of the undertones of civil war, Miss Isabel Thornton poured

neighbour's chat from her unquenchable vessel of comedy, and Mr. Norman Claridge gave authentic utterance to the protestant courage of the Conservative working man in a Labour stronghold. All these parts were firmly and vividly written and Mr. Davison's study of war on the home front should have a further and a fuller life on other stages.

Film-folk rarely see anything that is under their noses. I have often wondered why the manufacturers of weekly gazettes must pursue every form of dullness, even rushing off to Spudsey in order to "shoot" the mayor googling his fishy eyes at the Girl Guides in process of blessing their new camp-harmonium. All the photographer has to do any day of the week is to take a stroll in the docks or to follow work-a-day Labour with an eye for the odd corners of the market-place. 'Drifters' (a silent film of about three-quarters of an hour) is interesting because it is a simple, impersonal record of the herring fleet in action. There is no story and no moral, except the information that providing the raw material of kippers is a job for heroes. We saw the herrings auctioned; we were not told the difference between the price of herrings at dock-side and the price of herrings on the marble slab in the High Street. After all, the shopkeepers are important patrons of the movies and this is a silent film, most discreetly silent about rewards.

I am not asking for propaganda. I am far more pleased by this night in the North Sea than by all the Nights in the Underworld of a thousand narrative films. The gargantuan lavishness of Nature, of which the myriad-spawning herring is one symbol among a thousand, is on view along with the fisherman's plunging cockle-shell and the gruelling net-work in the pitch-and-toss of those who would reap this harvest. The photography is good, the length judicious. I think that silent films should be proud of their silence and not drag in fog-horns and similar effects. Once noise be admitted it is only logical to include all noises, in short, to be a talkie and have done with it, I have seen the talkies damned (notably by Mr. James Agate) because they interfere with the beauties of musical accompaniment which are held to be an authentic pleasure of the film without a voice. Yes, but how often is any trouble taken over the music? For 'Drifters' a stale medley of "nautical airs" was banged out. "Hearts of oak are our men"—and heads of oak are our film-directors.

ART

THE MUSEUM MIND

By WALTER BAYES

Recent Acquisitions of the Contemporary Art Society's Print Fund. 22 Montagu Square.

British Industrial Art for the Slender Purse. Victoria and Albert Museum.

UNLESS you are prone to think evil, you will read no scorn into the title of this article. It but implies that any calling tends to develop a certain bent of mind recognizably vocational—with as little malice I might write of "the mind of the artist" but for the lurking sarcasm which might bob up with the query whether in these days such a thing existed. Certainly the field of action of the Museum official visibly extends—how else should I welcome to my omnibus passengers of such varied physiognomy as this week pay me tribute? At a time when the commercial mind is so predominant, such extension is not in itself lamentable: it is well there should be an alternative influence. If only the two do not enter into an unholy alliance. If the journalistic mind were to join such a combine, then Art, the natural child of innocence and original sin, would indeed

groan under a tyranny. It is for this reason that it is necessary to envenom any latent differences between the three parties and set each barking at the other.

Now though there may be round pegs in square holes, the typical Museum official who is assimilated to his job and "lives for his Museum" tends to think of the main function of the arts as that of contributing to the glory of that institution. He lives—and it is his great virtue as against the journalist in a timeless world. In vain you tell him, "So and so is the big noise—il n'y en a que pour lui." Instinctively he sees the eminent one in the quite other perspective of those long galleries of quasi-eternal silence where all the labels are the same size and all the glass cases equally clear. He tries to make artists believe that they would like imprisonment in this morgue—just as there used to be people who went to a café at Montmartre in order to be put into a coffin and play at being dead. Of course, it takes all kinds to make a world, and when Cézanne (wasn't it?) announced that henceforth he was going to "paint for the museums," any right-minded Gallery director must purr approval, but when my journalistic confrères, who unite to deride the man who paints for the Academy, join in that approval, I am constrained to ask, "Is this the stop-press mind—the spirit of 'Do it now'?"

Mr. Campbell Dodgson, who has been showing at his house the prints and drawings recently acquired for the Contemporary Art Society, has the Museum man's virtue of valuing things without reference to their commercial status, but he is perhaps a little inclined to be impressed by names which are identified with this or that movement and thus appear to the journalist to have an historic importance. We do not expect the scholar to be quite so easily influenced by mere masses of "copy" (and what copy much of it is!), but to judge of things more in a vacuum. So judged the two drawings by Maillol (14) and Matisse (15) in Mr. Dodgson's show are well enough, but there are scores, nay, hundreds of men, constantly doing precisely similar drawings to these which nowise explain the reputations of their authors. More than for the capture of these nominal plums, I would applaud him for securing good examples of men less known (there is an excellent portrait of McLure Hamilton by Hartrick) and for his lively curiosity as to what younger draughtsmen are doing—Mr. Cyril Power (58), Mr. David Jones (75) and Mr. Frank Medworth whose (uncatalogued) 'New Baby' is, nevertheless, one of the last prints I should have chosen as representative.

Mr. Dodgson seems to hold, and rightly, that of the various methods which fall within his scope, engraving is just now the most important. I could wish him even less tolerant of negative performances in etching and mezzotint.

Perhaps process illustration is not regarded as within that scope or we should hardly see the nowise remarkable 'Tête' (72) representing so brilliant a humorous illustrator as Carlègle. Almost all the artists shown in this little exhibition should, of course, be doing illustrations for books and periodicals, but hardly any of the Englishmen are. I am compelled to put the question, If in France artists may work for the popular Press without becoming highly specialized mechanical hacks, why should it be impossible here? The barbarism, from an artistic point of view, of the wares displayed on a railway bookstall is heartrending. In any small town in France you may buy at the railway station and probably at several shops beside books illustrated with amusing and well-designed wood-cut illustrations—at prices ranging from sevenpence upwards. I am not out to say that these illustrations, charming as many of them are, are a bit beyond what Englishmen could do; the point is that it is assumed that there is an intelligent public large enough to

make the issue of such books at such a price a commercial proposition. When I go to the section of book production in the Institute of Industrial Art Exhibition, I am struck, not by the inferior quality of our own work, for a few firms—for the rest well known—the Curwen and Oxford University Presses, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Dents and several others (and yet all told, how few!), do excellent work, but I am struck by the difference of price. What I got in France for sevenpence will here cost me six shillings, though it is doubtless better bound. It is as though the publishers assumed in advance that against decent art in any form the railway bookstall was closed.

It is not for an outside critic to say whether that assumption is correct and the blame proper to the distributing rather than the publishing classes. But an anecdote occurs to me. Just after the Armistice I sent a battered warrior who, as an illustrator, seemed to me full of promise, with a letter of introduction to an old acquaintance who was a partner in a publishing house of repute. Oh, and not a publisher only; if I were to print his name it would be recognized as a synonym for varied culture. My young artist, indeed, though "on his beam ends," was quite elated at the introduction which nevertheless resulted in nothing. I am not, I trust, so vain as to think no man's opinion so good as my own, but I was somewhat disappointed. " Didn't he say *anything* when you left?" I asked. " Oh, yes," was the reply, " he said ' Good-bye, I have no anxiety for your future.' "

I must not leave the sympathetic reader thus hung up but hasten to add that the publisher was so far justified in the event that the young artist did by various clever dodges make a living, but it was *not* by doing the illustration which was so obviously his *métier*. I fancy the sentence I have underlined is typical. Publishers never have had any anxiety about the future of illustration, and it does not seem to-day as if it had one.

BROADCASTING

SERIES of talks, lasting over a period of weeks, vary in staying-power. Some endure to the end with unimpaired ability to hold one's interest. Others peter out very soon, either through the speaker's lack of skill in presenting the subject in an engaging manner, or because the subject itself thins away. On the whole, the series now in progress are keeping to the level of their initial talks. Two seem to me especially useful: Dr. William Brown on 'Mind and Body,' and Professor Watts on 'The Origins of Man.' Dr. Brown has accomplished the difficult task of following an especially fine speaker (Professor de Burgh) and yet making a very real appeal of his own. It has been amusing to notice the effect of his talks on some members of a generation older than mine to whom psycho-analysis has from the first been anathema, the very names of Freud, Jung and even Adler of a satanic significance. He has persuaded many to think calmly. He is doing a great deal to rehabilitate psychology among those who have lately been shocked at some of its latest manifestations among uncontrolled dabblers in these "mysteries" who have so manhandled the young science. Professor Watts should be taken in doses preparatory to Dr. Brown (they generally come in that reasonable order), for his immense geological ages give one a sense of enduring time which has a certain comforting quality. The complexes discovered by modern investigation throw us back to a primitive self, and perhaps it were as well to be told something of the normality of life so soon after the earth was cool enough to foster it. Introvert and extrovert can find complementary material for thought in these two talks.

Catholicity of taste has been often enough used as a stick with which to belabour the B.B.C. Why not "for this once" change the tune, and see what a little patient listening can do for the widening of our own outlook? Music is, of course, the favourite hobby-horse of those whose opinions are set, either as reactionaries or revolutionaries. The last few days should have satisfied them all. The lover of modern music has had the short pieces of Weber to bite on. These will have interested the musicologist, showing him what has been going on in Austria in the Schönberg circle. Whether it will have pleased many to hear these scrappy and completely unsensuous things I doubt, though possibly that does not matter, once in a way. Education was rampant at this concert. A less intense occurrence was last Sunday's recital by Nicolas Orloff. Among the really great younger foreign pianists I know of none whose future seems finer than his. In this case he must have delighted the listener who wants technical display with nothing jarring in the actual music, and given the musically minded who can savour a creative interpretation something to think about also.

I do not remember how often Wish Wynne has been on the ether lately. Perhaps I have missed her turns. If so, I am sorry. Last week she was what Topsy might have called "too terribly good." It is not unpleasant to cry with laughter sometimes. Her char-women equal Maisie Gay's, and that is surely high praise. Could not the two be staged in a duologue? Or are the authorities rightly a little diffident about being responsible for a turn that might make the very earth shake its sides and so bring us all to our end? And yet what a delicious cataclysm!

The following are of interest in the coming week. (All 2LO unless otherwise noted.) Monday: 'Reading from English Letters' (7.25), Opera—Humperdinck's 'Königskinder' (5GB, 8.15; Wednesday, 2LO, 8.0), Outside broadcast—The Preparation of a Daily Newspaper (10.15). Tuesday: Professor Abercrombie on 'Architecture and Town-planning in the Industrial North' (North of England, 7.0), Lady Petrie on 'The Lords of the Philistines: Recent discoveries by Sir Flinders Petrie in Palestine' (7.0), Sir Barry Jackson's talk on his Canadian Tour (7.25). Wednesday: M. André Maurois on Lady Caroline Lamb (9.20). Thursday: German National Programme (9.35). Friday: A Talk about Reading, between Mr. Gerald Gould and Mr. Hugh Walpole (9.20).

CONDOR

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—198

SET BY CLENNELL WILKINSON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an Ode of Welcome to the "Art Argosy" from Italy, congratulating the vessel upon her safe arrival after a stormy passage.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a new definition of an optimist, and of a pessimist, in not more than fifty words altogether—and preferably a good deal less.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 198A, or LITERARY 198B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post* on *Friday, December 20*. (Competitors are reminded that Christmas posts are erratic.) The results will be announced in the issue of *December 28*.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 196

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. Some of the worst poetry has been written by some of the best poets. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the worst couplet written by a poet of acknowledged reputation. The two following examples, from Crabbé and Longfellow respectively, may serve as illustration :

- (1) What is the truth? Old Jacob married thrice;
He dealt in coals, and avarice was his vice.
- (2) The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests.

Something worse than these would be welcomed.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for 'A Song for the Men of Middlesex.' Competitors are limited to twenty-four lines.

REPORT FROM MR. POPE

196A. The word "couplet" is defined in 'Chambers's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language' as "two lines of verse that rhyme with each other" and, though in recent times it has come to acquire a wider meaning, it is to that definition I propose to adhere. Such diverting examples as :

Oh stay thee now
Thou little bounder, rest!
(Ruskin)

and :

My heart is in the grave with her,
The family went abroad,
(Alexander Smith)

are, in consequence, ruled out. The familiar and almost incredible couplet of Alfred Austin, relating to the illness of King Edward, I have disqualified on the ground that not everyone would consider Austin "a poet of acknowledged reputation."

There was, as I anticipated, a considerable amount of duplication, among the favourites being :

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plum.
(Cowper)

Why were they proud? Again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of glory were they proud?
(Keats)

and :

Will you oftly
Murmur softly?
(Mrs. Browning)

Robert Browning furnished several examples. Now, I have always maintained that Browning never wrote bad line and my opinion remains unchanged. He is frequently grotesque, but his grotesqueness is always conscious and deliberate.

While, treading down rose and ranunculus,
You Tommy-make-room-for-your-Uncle us!
is an excellent example of the poet's amazing rhyming dexterity. And how any reader can regard the magnificent climax to 'Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister' as bad verse passes the bounds of my comprehension.

Among the entries "highly commended" I include the following :

But still I think it can't be long before I find release :
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

(Tennyson)

Not tall he seemed, but bulky round about,
His cap and jacket made him look more stout.

(Clough)

What crowd is this? What have we here! We must not pass it by.

A telescope upon its frame and pointed to the sky.

(Wordsworth)

For after her first shyness was worn out
We sat there, rolling billiard balls about

(Shelley)

The first prize goes to J. Ewing, and the second to H. W. Williams. The unintended pun in the second line is irresistible.

FIRST PRIZE

And I have travelled far as Hull to see
What clothes he might have left, or other property.
(Wordsworth : 'The Sailor's Mother')

J. EWING

SECOND PRIZE

Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
(Sir Walter Scott : 'Patriotism,
Nelson, Pitt, Fox')

H. W. WILLIAMS

196B. I confess to a feeling of disappointment with regard to this competition. The entries were few in number and, on the whole, poor in quality. Middlesex, I fear, still awaits its laureate. Some of the competitors seemed to think that in order to praise Middlesex it was necessary to disparage other counties, and there is, perhaps, an element of exaggeration in Lavengro's opening lines :

The men of Lancashire are mean,
As mean as mean can be,
And Yorkshire men are scarce as clean
As either you or me.

Lester Ralph in a very graceful little lyric dealt with Middlesex purely as a cricketing county; which is not what I wanted. I recommend for the first prize Seacape, though the third verse of his poem shows unmistakable signs of fatigue. No second prize will be awarded.

THE WINNING ENTRY

We are the men of Middlesex,
The shire that rivers three
In tribute pays the mighty Thames :
The Colne, the Brent, the Lea;
And they go down to London Town
And onward to the sea.

But we come back to Middlesex
At London's close of day,
Its homestead, and its outfield
Where London loves to play ;
When London lights are lit o' nights,
'Tis best to come away.

The shire for us is Middlesex,
Whose gardens can compare
With all the best, in East or West
You'll meet with anywhere ;
And if their size our boast belies,
That's neither here nor there.

And we who live in Middlesex,
In wisdom we are old ;
We do not look on London streets
To find them paved with gold ;
We know that work is not to shirk,
And what we have we hold.

SEACAPE

PAST AND PRESENT—V

I HAVE been reading Surrey in two editions as unlike as could be. The one in which Wyatt is bound up with Surrey bears the date 1717, and was "printed for W. Meares at the Lamb and J. Brown at the Black Swan"; the other is the beautiful and choicely bound, 'Original Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey,' just issued, at the price of one guinea, by the Aquila Press. How it may affect other readers I do not know, but the conjunction of Wyatt and Surrey arouses in me an irritation hardly inferior to that produced by the bracketing of Collins and Gray. Collins and Wyatt were narrower natures than Gray and Surrey, but they were poets in the intimate sense as their more widely esteemed rivals were not. The juxtaposition is damaging, and there is really no excuse for it. I am glad, then, to see Surrey separated, and given his chance on his own level.

* * *

Surrey's expression of himself is undoubtedly fuller than Wyatt's, but then he had so much less difficult matter to express. "What rage is this? What furour of what kind?" Wyatt asks, and from time to time he is astonished by the quality or occasion of his turbulent emotion. He cannot do very much with it as a rule. The instrument of verse was not then capable of rendering the twists of thought and gusts of passion which troubled Wyatt. For that he needed a great and learnedly broken rhythm, and the English verse of his time had lost energy and prosodic principle. He and Surrey were, in fact, engaged in the restoration and development of English verse, which was then helpless the moment it got away from music, and to Wyatt it must have seemed a very great nuisance that violent personal emotion should disturb him in the midst of literary exercises. I cannot think Surrey felt any of that inconvenience.

Put it this way. Imagine them born fifty years later, with the instrument ready for them. Wyatt would then have been a great if rather narrow poet, with some of the power of Donne; Surrey would merely have been more accomplished. But Surrey is not for that to be dismissed slightly. He could perceive the worth of what he himself had not, as witness his epitaph on his brother poet :

Wyatt resteth here that quick could never rest . . .
A head where wisdom mysteries did frame,
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain
As on a stithe.

Yet even there he is found praising Wyatt chiefly for the proof his work gave of English capacity to emulate the masters of the Continent.

* * *

To be sure, that was the general contemporary attitude towards all English poetical efforts. They were not judged by the intrinsic worth of their results; they were commended in so far as they produced evidence that we too could do something for which an Italian or a Frenchman would not blush. In the jargon of our own day, English poetry was suffering from an inferiority complex, for which there was excuse enough in the dreadful prosodic confusion and the total loss of the key to Chaucer. Whatever cheered us up was to be applauded. Poetry was not understood as the intensely personal thing it is; it was an accomplishment, peculiarly becoming those who served their king in high offices, whereby the culture of this island

could be vindicated. Wyatt probably seldom rated it higher, but his character was always breaking through. Surrey had character also, only it did not assert itself to upset his demonstration of British competence.

* * *

Surrey "dated" very rapidly. One does not leave the table to hunt out references, but, whether there are earlier statements to the effect or not, it suffices for my purpose to recall that Milton's nephew, 'Splendid Shilling' Phillips, declared him antiquated out of understanding. Pope has some vague praise for him, but Fenton says his "thoughts are in the language lost." They are not lost for us; there is no difficulty at all in reading Surrey; but that is what began to be felt about him three generations after his death and was a general conviction another generation or so later. For us, the only obstacle to whatever enjoyment Surrey holds is that, inevitably, his music is carefully picked out, not always with success. But we must remember that in the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth century, numbers of highly cultured persons were obsessed by the feeling that changes in the language had put an insuperable barrier between their remoter predecessors and themselves and that more changes would make them in turn unintelligible or repellent.

* * *

It seems ludicrous to us that so finished a writer as Waller, coming when the language had been so disciplined after the wild and magnificent Elizabethan development, should write :

Poets that lasting marble seek
Must carve in Latin or in Greek :
We write in sand; our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

But, though the historians of literature, often taken up with nonsense about the influence on our literature of external events, do not draw our attention to it, anxiety about the medium mattered greatly to many writers over a period of two hundred years or more. Sometimes, in the age of Wyatt and Surrey, their poetry was mostly the by-product of an attempt to show that the people of this country fell easily into the category for which the older geographers found the phrase, "the natives are friendly and ships calling there can obtain fresh water." Later it was sometimes written with an uneasy feeling of isolation from earlier poetry and a suspicion that it might be to posterity such a puzzle as Chaucer (before Tyrwhitt) was to its writer. To see only a rude forefather of the hamlet, a barbarian genius, where we see Chaucer the finished artist: how disquieting that must have been to English poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries!

* * *

There is room for a study by some scholar, himself a poet, of the development of confidence in the medium. It came by fits and starts, so that a history of it cannot proceed by a strictly chronological method, and it had an odd climax when, in the Victorian age, a good many poets were found to be oppressed by the thought that everything of which the medium was capable had been extracted from it. Such a history, if anyone ever writes it, will have to be written backwards and forwards, and the name of Surrey will be often at the pen-point of its writer.

STET

REVIEWS

THE CASTAWAY

By T. EARLE WELBY

The Stricken Deer, or the Life of Cowper. By David Cecil. Constable. 15s.

IT is remarkable that within a year we should have been given two highly intelligent studies of Cowper, Mr. Hugh I'Anson Fausset's and this book by Lord David Cecil; still more remarkable that neither should have revealed full perception of the profounder tragedy of Cowper.

Mr. Fausset came at moments a little nearer to discovery of the central truth than Lord David Cecil does, partly, no doubt, because he is the more experienced critic, but chiefly because he studied Cowper as a writer. His book showed, as, indeed, in a different way and degree does the book now under notice, that imaginative sympathy with the subject without which criticism is a display of barren cleverness; but, perceptive as he was of the pitifulness and strangeness of Cowper's life, hardly more than Lord David Cecil did he see where defeat might have been made victory.

It is the privilege and consolation of the artist in literature that he can profit by virtually every sort of personal disaster. Not even madness, coming and going as Cowper's did, can deprive him of that. Think of what Christopher Smart made in Bedlam, or of Gérard de Nerval writing those few sonnets which are "dark with excess of light" and the prose narrative in which his delusions are set forth with an exquisite lucidity. Go further, and take Baudelaire when he has premonition of the final calamity, and writes, "J'ai senti passer sur moi le vent de l'aile de l'imbecillité"; still further, to the point at which the lord of language can utter only one phrase, "cré nom," but still in some sort triumphs as by gestures in the asylum garden he indicates his preference for sinister growths over the flowers of innocence. Or, much more nearly to the point, take Charles Lamb, living with a periodically mad sister and himself not fully secured against madness, getting the whole value out of the contrast of foreground and background, his every triviality coming home to us with an effect of "mortal wit" because he jests on the edge of the abyss.

Now, Cowper was utterly deficient in the power possessed by these victims of mental instability. Once, but once only, in his one genuine poem, 'The Castaway,' he made something almost great directly out of his tragedy. But never could he make anything out of it indirectly. Unremarked by Lord David Cecil, as by his predecessor, the fundamental failure of Cowper, ruinous to him as man no less than to him as writer, was his inability, on the one hand, to tell his story for all it was worth, on the other hand, to babble of green fields in significant evasion.

The writer, had he been primarily a writer, could have saved the man: I do not say from the pious hell-hounds, headed by the ineffable Newton, who barked perdition into his sensitive ear, but from himself. But, to his undoing, there was no twist in his disordered mind. We can see the peculiar and dreadful value of his situation, as he sits "giggling and making to giggle" in the lamplit parlour, well aware of the horror of the darkness outside. We can see it; but never does his trifling in verse suggest, by ignoring, the contrast. We know that the story out of which he made 'Gilpin' was told him by Lady Austen when he was deeply despondent, on the verge of one of his fits of melancholy madness; but who, reading that

quite moderately funny set of verses, has ever felt that they have the edge which Lamb's familiarity with madness, Hood's melancholy, give their jokes? The duality of Cowper is complete, and without literary profit. Every quality in him exists separately, without power to hint tellingly at its excluded opposite.

Cowper's true tragedy is not intermittent madness, with the conviction that God has singled him out for damnation to all eternity, but inability to get from that a dreadful glory, and, still worse, inability to make use of the situation in which he politely plays at parlour games while believing that demons are waiting to snatch his soul, that very night, to eternal torment. In good company, and, in fact, with all his predecessors, Lord David Cecil has missed that. But he has not missed much else. One may resent and yet feel bound to praise the care with which he distributes censure and approval between the persons who surrounded Cowper. At this point, I must candidly confess, I yield praise grudgingly. The brute Newton is no doubt entitled to justice in court, but it would be a strange jury that did not add to the acquittal, if such there must be, a recommendation to the crowd outside to lynch him. Hayley, who wrote 'The Triumphs of Temper,' and notoriously triumphed over Blake's, is in quite another category. He is merely the Rosencrantz or Guildenstern who will never be lacking where there is a Hamlet. Lady Austen has many merits, and to her belongs the credit of having belatedly turned Cowper into an active writer. Lady Hesketh, Johnson, Mary Unwin (till she became a peevish lunatic) may be counted to the good. But, on the whole, "what a crew!"

I am sorry Lord David Cecil has forgotten the obscure Quaker whose imaginative and beautiful action towards Cowper is an assurance that Christ is not invariably absent when far too many are violently met together in His name. He came from nowhere to the demented Cowper, sat with him for an hour, holding his hand, silent where no words could avail, sparing the ear which had been tortured by so much pious-brutal exhortation, and went quietly away. If Cowper could have lived with that Quaker! Or with his own hares, who had never heard of salvation and perdition and made no demands for a hutch on high as the reward of scorning wholesome lettuce below!

Lord David Cecil, though he sees the narrowness and crudity of the religion that damaged Cowper, thinks that the explanation of the tragedy is wholly, or almost wholly, in the nature of the man. Mr. Fausset, nearer the truth, laid more stress on all that religiosity. But to me it appears that the weakness of the man and the pressure of Newton and Co. upon him would have mattered comparatively little if Cowper had been in the full sense a writer. Nearly all his writing was an escape from himself; but never—and that was his supreme misfortune—could it by ominous silence tell us what self he would escape. Angels and devils contended over him night after night, and he could not render that warfare. He took refuge from it in trivial social pastime, and he could not make a reader feel that his face was averted from horror. With many literary accomplishments, he lacked the specific gift of the writer, which is the gift of getting full value out of experience. With it, he could have made his morbidity and his environment mere material for a heaven of his own, but in hell's despite. Lacking it, he lived the life that in any faithful record of it makes intolerably painful reading.

Lord David Cecil, whose sole fault as a writer is occasional indulgence in empty speculations, the posing of rhetorical questions to which there can be no answer, is to be congratulated on a very promising beginning as an artist in biography. He has studied his subject closely, but does not make a show of his research, and he has been at great pains to keep the balance between Cowper and the poet's circle.

GENIUS EXPLAINS

Myself and the Theatre. By Theodore Komisarjevsky. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

MANY books of theatrical reminiscences are made dreary by a diligent pursuit of brightness. Mere aggregations of anecdote, they always begin with a boy running away from home and finding a week's employment in a stock company for a guinea wage; usually they end with a command performance. Thus they demonstrate, at least in so far as they discuss plays and performances, that an actor is completely incapable of talking intelligently about his art.

It is true that Mr. Komisarjevsky begins with an escape from Soviet Russia in whose theatrical service he had toiled among the most dreadful conditions of general poverty. But, unlike many of his colleagues, he conceives the business of writing about the theatre to be a serious matter. He rarely gossips; if he does, it is charming. How nice, for instance, to be reminded of the English stage-hand who always spoke of Mr. "Come and Seduce Me." But the purpose of the book is to discuss the work of actor and producer, and extremely well it is done. The prefatory chapters give a vivid impression of the Russian theatre before the war and particularly of the author's sister, Vera, the leading personality of the time upon her native stage—a woman of great mental as well as physical powers. She appears to have based her acting practice on a philosophy of the theatre which she had hammered out for herself in a way that would be incredible in the case of an English actress, who would rather be known for where she dines than for what she thinks. There are two prevailing weaknesses of the English theatre which one perceives in Mr. Komisarjevsky's good-tempered criticism. One is the poverty of the high-brow stage where the producer is always rushed and stinted, where the scenery and properties and premises are nearly always grossly inadequate, and where everyone is underpaid. The other criticism, more implicit than articulate, is of the common refusal to consider the theatre as anything but a house of entertainment where supposedly popular persons are expensively engaged to be their popular selves in plays of no account.

Mr. Komisarjevsky most thoroughly investigates the theory and practice of acting. English naturalism of the popular playhouse he dismisses as not worthy of the dramatic art:

There are actors on the stage to-day who from fear of appearing "theatrical" try not to act. They think that to seem sincere and simple they should behave as they do in every-day life in every play in which they appear—since "no one can be natural unless he is himself." They exploit their own type, their mannerisms, and their particular form of attractiveness in every part they play and are in fact little more than perambulating mannequins, who are quite content to speak the playwright's words without their spirit.

On the other side he condemns the conventional and trick-ridden staginess of the English Shakespearean and classical convention. What then is the positive advice? Psychic naturalism is a phrase which indicates the escape from mere cunning of simulation and irrelevant tricks. The complicated process of assimilation, whereby the actor transforms himself by imagination diligently used into the essence of his part, is carefully explained from the first reading of the part onward to the finished expression. Mr. Komisarjevsky's doctrine is less material than that of the Moscow Art Theatre, where Stanislavsky maintained that the actual furniture and *mise en scène* were intensely important in creating the spiritual atmosphere. What is here advocated is concentration by the actor on a series of incorporeal

images, first apprehended by his own fancy and then expressed in tone and gestures with the producer's expert assistance in the translation of the image. We need not follow Mr. Komisarjevsky further as he examines 'Systems of Acting.' It is enough to say that his chapter on this subject is clear and profound; it is a feat of exposition which not half-a-dozen English workers in the professional theatre could rival and which even fewer may bother to read. However, neither author nor publisher need despair; there are many amateur producers nowadays and to them, as well as to all other lovers of the art of the theatre, this book should be a treasured source of entertainment, inspiration and advice.

I. B.

HERR SCHEIDEMANN'S MEMOIRS

Memoirs of a Social-Democrat. By Philip Scheidemann. Two Volumes. Hodder and Stoughton. 42s.

HERR SCHEIDEMANN played an important part in the civil administration of Germany during the last years of the war, and in the negotiations which led up to the peace. As a more or less acceptable representative of the hated "Sozis," he was more constantly consulted than any of his Socialistic colleagues by the Chancellor, by the Supreme Command, and even by the Kaiser himself, and in the measure in which it became more and more necessary to placate the workman and the ordinary soldier in the trenches his political power and his influence over the course of events increased. He was a prominent and influential member of the Select Committee of the Reichstag which maintained confidential relations with the Chancellor. He was the chief German agent in the negotiations regarding the Stockholm Conference, and became the great German advocate of a peace of understanding. In October, 1918, he entered Prince Max of Baden's Cabinet as Minister without portfolio. During the armistice negotiations he took a strong line in advocating the abdication of the ex-Kaiser, and on February 13, 1919, he became the first Socialist Prime Minister of a German Government elected on parliamentary and democratic lines.

It is obvious that what Herr Scheidemann has to say has an important bearing on the events of those fateful years. His book, in spite of a certain irritating claim to infallibility, is a valuable work of reference for future historians. To the ordinary reader it gives an interesting and an unexpected picture of German political inefficiency during the war.

Herr Scheidemann was born in Kassel in 1865, the son of a master carpenter. His father was an invalid who died when his son was fourteen, and the young Scheidemann's early years were spent in the direst poverty. He graduated in Socialism through the ranks of the master-compositors. He became a member of the Social-Democratic Party at the age of eighteen, drifted from setting type into journalism, became a Socialist editor, and in this capacity came into contact with the leading German Socialists. He entered the Reichstag in 1903. In 1911 he joined the Executive of the Social-Democratic Party, and in 1912 he was elected Vice-President of the Reichstag.

A tolerant and amiable humanitarian, who likes his cigar and his glass of beer, and who only found Marx human when he discovered that he was always borrowing money from Engels, and that he had been drunk and guilty of smashing gas lamps at least once in his life, Herr Scheidemann is undoubtedly a pacifist by nature. Nevertheless, on August 4, 1914, he was not among the fourteen courageous Social-Democrats who voted against the War Credits. Early in the war, however, he began to work for a peace of understanding. As Germany's military situation was overwhelmingly strong, and as Herr Scheidemann was

never at any time prepared to offer concessions other than the restoration of territory occupied by Germany during the war, his pacifist efforts amounted to nothing more than a justification of his own moral rectitude. What is interesting in his book is the revelation that the bulk of the German people had begun to despair of victory long before the Allies were aware of this fact. Erzberger, who in August, 1914, had demanded the arrest of the Social-Democratic leaders, was drafting peace resolutions with Scheidemann in July, 1917. The Stockholm Conference had the approval of Zimmermann, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and apparently the qualified approbation of Ludendorff himself. Among Allied Socialists it has always been a grievance that they were not allowed by their Governments to attend this Conference. They hold that, as the Allies had nothing to lose and everything to gain from such a Conference, a grave mistake was made in refusing *visas* to the Allied delegates. Reading to-day Herr Scheidemann's account of the preliminary negotiations, one is forced to the conclusion that the Conference must have ended in failure and that neither side would have derived any real profit from it.

Herr Scheidemann was prepared to offer nothing. He indignantly denied Germany's sole responsibility for the war. He was prepared to make peace on the Russian terms of no annexation and no contributions. He was willing to accept a free Poland and a free Finland, but he was not prepared to swallow the doctrine of national self-determination undiluted, holding with the Austrian Socialists that it was "a scandal to persuade small nations and states that they could make themselves independent in every respect." Nor were the German Socialists inclined to make any concessions about Alsace-Lorraine. If these German-speaking provinces were to be discussed, then other countries with a national life of their own should be included in the discussion. It is difficult to see how a Conference commencing from these premises could have achieved any tangible result. Indeed, Herr Scheidemann admits that, when the German views were communicated to M. Albert Thomas, the Frenchman was furious. Soon after his return from Stockholm, Herr Scheidemann and his Socialist colleagues were received by the Kaiser, "Who of you four were in Stockholm?" he asked abruptly. "We four," replied Herr David. "You did fine work" said the Kaiser. "You had a fine passage of arms."

More interesting are Herr Scheidemann's views on the principal German actors in the war drama. He proves that the demand for an immediate armistice came from Ludendorff, that the reason for that demand was the perilous weakness of the German military situation on the front, and that the lie about treachery in the rear and the famous "dagger-thrust in the back" was invented by Ludendorff as an excuse for his flight to Sweden. Herr Scheidemann regarded the ex-Kaiser as a lunatic, and with all his love of playing a part this bourgeois Socialist, to do him justice, never seems to have kow-towed to his Emperor. Bethmann-Hollweg he seems to have liked, and, if he despised his weakness, he respected the former Chancellor's good intentions. Prince Max of Baden is depicted as a weak and shifty character, while Stresemann, although faintly praised for his post-war conversion, is cruelly anathematized for his annexationist and die-hard attitude during the war. Obviously, there was no love lost between the two men, and every damaging sentence which Stresemann uttered during the war is reproduced in these memoirs to his detriment.

The book closes with an account of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, which was really the end of Herr Scheidemann's political career, for he resigned his post as Chancellor rather than take the responsibility of putting his signature to a shameful peace. This typical little German bourgeois, who even in the

first flush of the Republican triumph was not afraid to advocate "Deutschland, Deutschland ueber Alles" as the new national anthem, has been reviled by Nationalists, who have even attempted his life, for his alleged betrayal of the Monarchy. History, however, will assign to him and Fritz Ebert a prominent place of the part they played in preventing an inevitable revolution from resulting in all the horrors of a Bolshevik phase.

THE HISTORY OF ETCHING

A History of British and American Etching. By James Laver. Benn. £3 3s.

THIS is only in part an historical work. For the first eight chapters, indeed, it fairly well maintains that character. Deceased artists, as the author explains in a paragraph on p. 92, wherein the metaphors shift as in a kaleidoscope, can be pushed into pigeon-holes, and, as illustrating tendencies, can be woven into a continuous narrative. After performing these feats of construction, compression and weaving for ninety pages, the author's endeavour is to escape from a jungle—it reads rather like a nightmare—and he concludes "the foregoing chapters are, it may be hoped, so many strings of beads. This is a bag of marbles."

It is interesting to note how the beads vary accordingly as they are strung in Bloomsbury or in South Kensington. An author at the British Museum (I do not allude to any particular author, for none has yet attempted the task that awaits an English Bartsch) would know less than Mr. Laver about the records of the Old Etching Club, whose annals occupy, perhaps, a disproportionate space in chapter 8, but with a great accumulation of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century etchings at his elbow he could compile a book in which one would not search the index in vain for the names of Gaywood and Greenwood, or come away with the impression that the fourth Earl of Aylesford was the only noble amateur that counted. "Honorary Artists," as they used to be called, practised this art assiduously in the eighteenth century and with more success than they achieved when lithography, or "polyautography," as it was called for a time, enjoyed a brief vogue with a later generation of our aristocracy. The history of the older British etchers, however, if incomplete, is well done within the limits that the author has set himself. He does justice to such marked groups as the Scots, from Clerk and Runciman to Geddes and Wilkie, and the Norwich men who followed Crome, though much could be added to the number of the etchers of that school, and to what is ascertainable about the details of their work, from the materials collected by the late James Reeve.

It is when Mr. Laver arrives, fully conscious of the different kind of task that here awaits him, at what he calls the "bag of marbles," the vast number of contemporary etchers who are ever emerging from the art schools, or dispensing with the art schools and yet emerging, on both sides of the Atlantic, that the historical method necessarily breaks down, and all that the author of such a book can do is to picture, and to some extent criticize, what is going on before his eyes. "An etcher a day keeps the doctor away," is a current saying in a certain leading publishing house, continually beset by new applicants for the benefit of its prestige as an introduction to the collecting public. In America, which for some time after the "revival" and popularity of modern etching, chiefly imported, and still largely imports, from Europe, the production of home-made etchings has of late enormously increased, and their quality is rapidly improving. In the second part of Mr. Laver's book, therefore, we must not expect to find more than brief appreciations of particular modern etchers, and an attempt to indicate, so far as what they have hitherto

achieved enables any critic to indicate their relative merits and importance. This Mr. Laver has done discreetly and impartially, and he shows an extensive knowledge, which it is difficult for an Englishman to acquire, in spite of certain recent exhibitions and the American section in such publications as Mr. Malcolm Salaman's annual, 'Fine Prints of the Year,' of etching in the United States. It may, however, be hinted that in a work professing to be a history, definite dates are too scarce. Both the choice and the quality of the illustrations might have been better.

CAMPBELL DODGSON

PLACE NAMES

Problems of Place Name Study. By A. Mawer. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

THE study of place names in England is still in its preliminary stages and such a book as this must be considered more as an interim report than as a final statement of the difficulties by which the work is surrounded. It is a reprint with few alterations of three lectures delivered at King's College and manages to treat its extraordinarily shapeless subject matter with coherence. Its chapters do not divide the subject into three parts but approach it from three angles. They deal first with the subject from the point of view of racial settlement where it may, when the evidence is fully gathered, cast light on the problems of the English invasions of Britain and has already proved itself worth considering as a means of clearing up problems of permeation and colonization. The second lecture attempts to show the value of place-name study to philology in enabling, for instance, the meaning of a debased form of a word to be found by observing its use so that it can be traced to its correct source.

The final lecture, entitled 'Lines of Interpretation,' deals with the most difficult problem of a place-name student—namely: "what is evidence?" How, for instance, can the philologists trust them, if they can only tell personal names from descriptive names by seeing if the description is accurate? Does *Pollicott* in Buckingham mean the "cottages of the people of one *Pol* or *Pola*" and not "the cottages of the dwellers by the pool" for any other reason than that there is no pool? It does not, and there are many cases as empirical. To interpret the elements in any place name is at least partly a matter of calculating probabilities. It is mainly due to Mr. Mawer and his colleagues of the English Place Name Society that there is any element of certainty in this calculation and not the ingenious inspiration that fills the school history books with preposterous derivations.

This is a good partial study of a subject, overloaded with evidence considering its length and intention, but well marshalled and fully indexed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The Monstrous Regiment. By Christopher Hollis. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.
Queen Elizabeth. By Katharine Anthony. Knopf. 12s. 6d.

If a battle of the book reviewers has broken out about Mr. Hollis's book it is hardly matter for surprise, for it is less a book than an essay and less an essay than a tract. It is avowedly partisan. But this in itself does not fully explain the mingled praise and blame with which it has been received. Thus one writer has found it fatiguing and humourless, another witty and bright. The truth is there is much to be said, as usual, on both sides, but it should be emphasized in advance that Mr. Hollis's book is to

be read. It is clever and very readable. But about half way though the book, Mr. Hollis has a rather more than usually long digression on the niceties of Catholic politics which undoubtedly does become fatiguing. The effect is not wholly unlike that of the loud speaker next door, the noise of which is filtered out by the intervening wall except for about three notes which repeat themselves for hours. Mr. Hollis gives us rather much of one tune.

The explanation is that Mr. Hollis has been irritated by the nonsensical conventional Protestant account of the Tudors such as once figured, and perhaps still does, in school text books. So far he has or should have the sympathy of intelligent readers. But he makes a corresponding if excusable mistake of his own in writing so exclusively in the tone not only of a professed Catholic but, one is almost tempted to say, of a professional Catholic. This undoubtedly becomes wearisome, and it is a pity, for anyone who has read the conventional Protestant text books ought to read Mr. Hollis's valuable and stimulating corrective. Even his mistakes are more valuable than the time-dishonoured rhapsodies about the Virgin Queen, and inasmuch as the book is confessedly partisan there can be no danger of anyone being misled, while there is the certainty that the reader will be considerably enlightened.

We hope that Mr. Hollis will continue his study of the period and at a date not too distant produce a work in better perspective and one which takes account of recent research. The present book, good as it is, is less good than we have a right to expect. In argument there is a constant tendency to attempt to palliate the crimes of the sixteenth-century Catholics by reference to the equal or greater crimes of their opponents or of the governments of twentieth-century States. This may be good enough for the religious or patriotic

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

BY
ALEX JOHNSTON

'That amazing artist who, wandering to paint, became an explorer; organizing to explore, became an administrator; policing the territories of his administration, turned soldier, and, having incidentally in odd moments earned a fourth and world-wide reputation as a zoologist, was still able to pick up a fifth as a writer—that versatile genius has found a new biographer in his younger brother, Mr. Alex. Johnston . . . the story of his wanderings has something of the thrill of a fairy tale, with Sir Harry in the part of *Jack the Giant-Killer*. Diminutive of stature, a schoolboy in appearance, known by his white umbrella no less in the thick of a fight than on the long march, his suppression of the slave trade and his genuine conciliation of native tribes in Uganda give him an enduring place among Greater Britain's mightiest architects.' *Punch*

12s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE
LONDON

bigot but it is not good enough for those who condemn crime whoever the criminal. In detail, Mr. Hollis's logic is sometimes faulty. Thus, though a fairer statement comes later, we meet sentences such as : "The Elizabethan Government forbade the Mass. Therefore it persecuted for religion." The conclusion does not follow. A religion may be persecuted for political reasons as under the Restoration or as in eighteenth-century Ireland. And Mr. Hollis's own argument requires this emphasis, as he well knows. But he insufficiently grasps the truth of the fact that sixteenth-century so-called religious persecution was comparatively rarely what may be termed theological persecution. Men did not persecute because their feelings were so roused by the difference between transubstantiation and consubstantiation. If they did so for well or misguided political and economic reasons, then religious persecution is definitely a misleading phrase. On a point of detail there is an unfortunate misprint (p. 146) whereby one of the most distinguished of English medieval scholars, Professor Tait, is cited instead of the very distinguished Scottish historian, Professor Rait, or, one should now write, Principal Rait. Mr. Hollis has written a provoking, able book which deserves to be read but which labours its theme unduly. A strong enough case against Elizabethan Government can be made out without resort to some of the arguments used.

Miss Katharine Anthony has written an almost totally dissimilar work on the same subject. It is a history of Elizabeth's life written, presumably, to conform to the present vogue. It does not appear to be a particularly good specimen of its kind.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

The Lacquer Lady. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
Cora. By Ruth Suckow. Knopf. 7s. 6d.
The Best Short Stories of 1929. No. 1. English. Cape. 7s. 6d.
The Best Short Stories of 1929. No. 2. American. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THOSE who were introduced to fiction by the romances of Sir Walter Scott or even the tales of Ballantyne and Henty were likely to arrive at the wholesome conclusion that novel-writing was an arduous enterprise requiring a range of knowledge and experience beyond the reach of ordinary mortals.

The works of those authors were magical, almost inspired; it was not for nothing that Sir Walter Scott was styled "The Wizard of the North." And I for one still sub-consciously expect a novel to tell me facts that I could not know and events that I could not dream of by myself. All that is altered now; the omniscient novelist has gone out of fashion and his successor does not so much add to our experience from without as interpret it from within.

Miss Tennyson Jesse, however, is a writer of the old school. Her books are full of marvellous events and recondite information, technical details and unfamiliar words; they belong to the time when novel-writing was in the hands of a professional class, not yet thrown open to the general public; not one of these novels could the common reader have written for himself, least of all, perhaps, '*The Lacquer Lady.*' Could you or I, for instance, by taking thought have evolved such a sentence as "'The Poon-dawgyi-paya is my own,' said Supaya-lat, softly"? (In an excellent introduction Miss Jesse admits that, as far as possible, she

has simplified the spelling of native words.) We could not; but then we know little about Burma in the 'seventies and 'eighties, next to nothing about the intrigues which led to the expulsion of the reigning dynasty, and nothing at all (probably) about Fanny, pupil of a Brighton boarding school and favourite of a Burmese queen, whose disappointment in love precipitated the crisis.

The story is almost too strange for fiction; there are many incompatibles to reconcile, many contacts and relationships too fortuitous and fantastic to have more than a decorative significance. For the novelist, Chance is a good servant but a bad mistress; and the series of events which takes Fanny from Brighton to Mandalay, back to Brighton and back again to Mandalay, seems dictated by a caprice too arbitrary to be worked into the ordinary patterns of human life. But in its other aspects, its atmosphere, its picturesque quality, above all, in its sensitive portrayal of the collision between two civilisations, between England and Burma, the steam-roller and the flower, '*The Lacquer Lady*' is fascinating :

[Edward] felt that Agatha was lacking in imaginative pith for these flowery Burmese children suddenly abandoned amidst the punctual machine-like crashings of the West, and yet he was aware, guiltily, that he knew what she meant. Take this conquest—no blood shed worth mentioning—for these things are not computed by heart-breaks, but by statistics—nothing but the pathetically quick collapse of a childish pomp brought up against iron facts. Yet that childish pomp had been the whole of the lives of these little brown people . . . were they of less importance than their paler conquerors?

The Far East, which has been responsible for so much fiction, good and bad, has proved an inspiration to Miss Jesse.

Miss Suckow recounts the story of Cora Schwietert, the daughter of a German tailor who has emigrated to America. When the book begins

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"A book which should serve as an inspiration to youth; and few people, young or old, will read it without emotion."—*Times Litt. Supp.*

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the family, owing to Mr. Schwietert's improvidence, lead a hard and hand-to-mouth existence, and are finally forced to leave Warwick, a small town where they are very happy. Cora determines to raise the family fortunes. She is a resolute, black-browed, business-like sort of girl, and before she is thirty she has been offered the management of a large commercial concern, has enabled her father to retire and has installed her family in a good residential neighbourhood. But the unremitting pressure of work has begun to prey on her nerves; and although she allows herself the relaxation of a flirtation with a married dentist she feels there is something lacking in her life, and goes on a holiday to the Yellowstone Park. Alas, it was a mistake! In her party is a handsome young man in a grey cap called Gerald Matthews. At sight of him all the repressed feminine softness of Cora's nature bursts out in an irresistible torrent of love; she marries him out of hand. Within a year he deserted her. When the book closes we leave her once more a successful business woman, once more indulging in a discreet flirtation, but firmly and finally convinced that she must look to herself and her work for any satisfaction in life.

'Cora' is a woman's book, written about a woman, by a woman, perhaps for women; the men in the book are some wicked, most contemptible, and all unattractive. And its moral seems to be that it is only by treating them with the contempt they deserve, treading them under foot or keeping them at arm's length, that women have any chance of happiness. Men have so often written books preaching similar doctrines about women that fair play forbids us to dispute Miss Suckow's position; but it has a curious influence on her book's aesthetic effect. Cora, her mother, her women friends, stand in the foreground, carefully drawn, elaborately coloured figures on which no expense of the novelist's spirit or skill has been spared. At the back, in a sort of cloudy chiaroscuro, with expressions of vague and malevolent imbecility on their indistinct faces hover the men who mislead and misuse them. Yet, one asks oneself, if the men are so indefinite, how can they wield such an influence? For feminist though she may be, the ebb and flow of Cora's life is controlled by man.

All the same, the book has the merits of its femininity. It is delicate, gentle, and unforced. The love-episode is described with a touch of lyrical beauty, all the more remarkable when its chief characters are so uninspiring. And in contrast to most American novels it presents a world where affection is constant and publicity unsought.

It is difficult to find common characteristics in short stories selected only with an eye to contemporaneity and merit. That, English or American, they belong to the year 1929, admits of no discussion. That they are the best stories published in that year, I can neither affirm nor deny. Some are certainly excellent, those by Martin Armstrong, Stella Benson, Dorothy Johnson, J. B. Morton, L. A. G. Strong and David Garnett, in the English section; 'Death of Red Peril' by Walter D. Edmonds, 'A Guilty Woman' by Glenway Westcott, and 'Fame for Mr. Beatty' by James Norman Hall in the American. Mr. Garnett's story is a magnificent example of the *conte cruel*: it could hardly be improved. The American volume, considering what a brilliant tradition of short-story writing America boasts, is disappointing; the less successful pieces are sentimental without being moving, facetious without being funny, hard without being neat. The best of them present realistically the surface of modern American life. The English stories are by comparison wistful, romantic and elegiac; some admitting the supernatural, others just keeping it at bay. Curiously enough, they confess the influence of Henry James.

SHORTER NOTICES

Vanamee. By Mary Conger Vanamee. Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.

PARKER VANAMEE, we are given to understand, was not a man of outstanding distinction, but just a typical, efficient adventurous young American, of boundless vitality, great natural intelligence, a sketchy education, and a genial pushful personality which had enabled him, before the war, to make a success of the three apparently incongruous professions of able seaman, newspaper reporter and Episcopalian Minister. In theology he belonged to the school of "muscular Christianity"; and the general attitude of his mind may be illustrated by the fact that, though he supported Prohibition, he liked his occasional drink, and would scandalize his congregations by publicly lamenting having to give it up in order to save others from over-indulgence. Then he went to the war (in spite of his bishop) and was unfortunately killed, and his wife here sets herself the task of telling the story of his simple, gallant life, partly as a memorial for his friends, and partly for the edification of a wider public. Up to a point she is notably successful. We get a vivid picture of a clergyman's life in American country towns and share heartily in her admiration for her warm-hearted, boyish husband. But his story of the trenches, told here in letters to his wife, is less convincing, for the obvious reason that he could not tell her the whole truth. His last two letters, written from hospital as he lay dying, are models of unselfish devotion and a gay, unquenchable courage—but neither do they tell all the truth. It is their very reticence that makes them so moving—almost intolerably moving—even now, eleven years after the war.

Romantic Recollections. By Lydia Kyasht. Brentano. 15s.

MISS LYDIA KYASHT was the first dancer to reveal to London audiences the exotic charm of the Russian ballet. She was selected to succeed Miss Adeline Genée at the

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Empire in 1907—nearly three years before Pavlova made her first appearance in this country. In her amusing and desultory volume of reminiscence Miss Kyaht gives an interesting account of the strenuous life of the Russian Imperial Ballet School, which she entered at the tender age of eight—having reluctantly abandoned her childish ambition to become a laundress. For ten years she lived an arduous and secluded life, and when at the age of eighteen she was taken out to dinner at the smartest restaurant in St. Petersburg, by her future husband and three other young guardsmen, she was so innocent that she announced a preference for semolina pudding. The strain thus placed on the resources of the restaurant was so severe that they charged nearly three pounds for her unprecedented dish. She writes gaily about her wide and varied experiences on both sides of the footlights in many countries, and pays us the compliment of saying that Englishmen are "the most difficult men in the world to vamp."

The Commentaries of Ruy Freyre de Andrade. Edited by C. R. Boxer. The Broadway Travellers' Series. Routledge. 15s.

ADMIRAL RUY FREYRE DE ANDRADE was sent out to Ormuz in 1619 at the head of a Portuguese fleet, with orders to evict the English merchants from the Persian Gulf, where they had recently begun to steal the trade from their Portuguese rivals. Ruy Freyre is an untrustworthy historian; he recounts victories which never occurred and represents all his reverses as "strategic retreats." We have a much more convincing version from the other side, written by one of the English factors; and we know that, as a result of the operations, it was the Portuguese, not the English, who found themselves evicted from the Gulf. But Ruy Freyre, though undoubtedly a liar, was a most entertaining writer, with a flamboyant style of his own; and his personal courage is beyond dispute. His account of how, before an engagement, the captains of the rival flagships stood on the prows of their vessels, Ruy Freyre in "a rose-coloured camlet" and the Englishman "dressed in scarlet in-grain," and drank a health and bowed to each other across the intervening water, is at any rate *ben trovato* (the

English historian says nothing of it); and there are many other such pretty little incidents in this book. The story of the fighting is carefully annotated, and the editing in general is very well done.

More Cracks with 'We Twa.' By the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair. Methuen. 15s.

EVEN a reader who is pedantic enough about grammar to have his teeth set on edge by the title of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's new volume of recollections will soon be sweetened by the delightful spirit which is breathed from its pages. Lord and Lady Aberdeen regard this book as a kind of "reminiscent after-dinner talk which may wander over many years and revive memories of friends, old and new, met under many circumstances and in many lands." The well-deserved popularity of their previous book has set them diving afresh into diaries and other records of their doings during the fifty years and more of their ideal married life. They write very much as they talk; one takes up the pen and then hands it to the other, and it is not easy always to be sure which is holding it—nor does it matter very much, for the unison of style leaves no room for discords. They begin with a brief sketch of London society in the 'seventies, and then take us round the world, dwelling especially on their official residence in Canada and Ireland. This is a worthy memorial of a long, useful and happy life.

The Green Ribbon. By Edgar Wallace. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

"THE best I have written," writes Edgar the Ever-Ready on the cover of his latest tale of the turf. Even if he does not convince his clients of a self-surpassing effort the unquenchable author will certainly give satisfaction as of old. Mr. Trigger, the tipster, is a Rolls-Royce model of Educated Evans, who remains one of the best of the Wallace creations. Mr. Elijah Goodie's training establishment on the Downs is the hottest corner in Wiltshire, contains hounds of a Baskerville ferocity, and stable horses that are a surprisingly "job" lot. The young heiress from South America is the sweet flower of innocence fully deserving the tender and matrimonial grasp of Mr. Luke,

A BACHELOR'S DEN

The following exquisite quotation is taken from "My Lady Nicotine"
by Sir J. M. Barrie.

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair; the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib, and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture.

Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others.

No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe

would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia.

I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.



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the detective with roving commission among the touts and tipsters. It is true that Mr. Wallace winds up his yarn in a rapid and perfunctory manner. But he is still the grand romantic, who populates the Nat Gould country with ghouls and livestock from the empire of Rider Haggard. Half the schoolboys in the land (and a considerable number of adults) will want to know what did happen in that cavern on the Downs.

THE DECEMBER MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for December has some advice from Mr. T. Earle Welby as to the way in which the Conservatives waste Mr. Baldwin. Miss E. M. Martin tells of 'Other People's Memories'—not the famous memoir writers; Mr. Ivor Brown reminds us of the part played by the Stage Society. Mr. Stirling Taylor tells of the beauties of Florence before it became a suburb of Boston, Mass.; Mr. Carr touches on the relations of Tourgenieff and Tolstoy; Miss Johnson describes an Italian cheapjack. The review columns are enlivened by Mr. Sickert's notice of Mr. Arthur Symons.

The *Nineteenth* contains a paper by Mr. Hoyland on the advantages, to the Hindu, of his own civilization, and his duty to resist Westernism. Mr. Fitzherbert rather despairs of the future of the country parish; there are not enough and not the right kind of country clergymen. Sir J. Macpherson condemns the sterilization of mental defectives as futile; Mr. Bensusan is hopeful for the farmlands of Scotland and Wales. The best article in the number is Dr. Dearmer's introduction to the study of the Eastern origins of Christian Art. Mr. Seton Gordon contributes a romantic sketch and Miss Sorabji an Indian picture.

The *London Mercury* in its Editorial Notes pays a very just tribute to the policy and achievements of the B.B.C. Mr. Powys Evans contributes a drawing of Mr. Charles Whibley. There is some verse by Miss Sackville-West and others, a fantasy of the search for obscure peers, a fairy tale retold, an impression of an old street in Rome, and a sympathetic study of 'The Poetry of Robert Bridges' by Mr. E. G. Twichett. Mr. Hannay studies the relationship alleged to exist between Cézanne and Cubism, and Mr. I. A. Williams examines and praises Mrs. Rhodes's edition of Sheridan. Mr. Powys on Architecture, Mr. Tunstill on Chinese Literature and Mr. Wilkinson on Biography are the best of the Chronicles.

Life and Letters has fine reflective verse by Mr. R. C. Trevelyan; a touching little story by Miss Bartlett, a eulogy of 'Boswell's Tact' by Mrs. Parsons, a retelling of the familiar story of the death of Henrietta Duchess of Orleans by Mr. Quennell, and a very delicate and piercing study of the relations between Tolstoy and his wife by Mr. MacCarthy.

The *Realist* has papers on a number of present-day problems beginning with Palestine and the theory of Banking, going on to a call to Church-going (among other things) by Dr. Coulton, and a revision of our attitude to marriage, by Miss Brittain. Prof. Hogben wants the history of science properly taught and Dr. Aveling runs through the "New" Psychologies and their relation to Psychology. Mr. Clancy deals faithfully with the "talkies"; and Dr. Malinowski gives us the feeling of having been present at a spirit séance among his favourite Trobriands. Mr. Nightingale demonstrates the disconcerting fact that there are no elementary schoolboys in the Foreign Office or Diplomatic Service.

The *English Review*, in addition to articles on the growing increase of taxation, Dominion status, the New Despotism, and Proportional Representation, has a paper by Mr. A. Lunn on the amateur's part in the criticism of knowledge. The danger is that the amateur will generalize on insufficient facts. Mr. Clayton writes on the "talkies," and Mr. Shipp on 'The Art of John Galsworthy.'

Blackwood has another literary find—the origin of Moby Dick—in a story by a Mr. J. N. Reynolds of a white whale, Mocha Dick. 'Rumfy' is in more trouble; 'Gentleman George' is a good sea-mystery; and Mr. Maycock is sympathetic with the Bodleian's difficulties. 'Musings' take the form of a regret that there is not a Fourth Party to keep the Conservative Party vigorous.

Old Furniture will in future appear under the name *The Collector*. This number contains a fine reproduction of a new Cotman drawing, a note on the pattern books of the eighteenth-century cabinet makers, with eight illustrations, papers on an Italian lace altar cloth, on the Harris bequest, Old English silver in America, and on Old English fire-dogs, with twenty-nine illustrations. A very interesting number.

Cornhill recounts 'Dr. Johnson's Hatred of America' in his own words. Lady Balfour has a study of 'The Servants in Jane Austen'; there is a reminiscence of Bayreuth as it was forty years ago; and Miss Alma Tadema recalls Mr. Edmund Gosse in the character of a charming uncle. 'Stays' is a good story.

Chambers gives full measure of fiction in its Christmas number. In addition there is a study of Capt. Marryat; a paper on 'Meals and Manners of Bygone Days'; 'Well-known Battery Positions on the Western Front'; Waziristan; and 'Some Contemporaries of Turner.'

The *World To-Day* continues its exploitation of German naval commanders by Mr. Lowell Thomas. Mr. Gyde writes on British music hopefully; Mr. Rowell describes the Institute of Pacific Relations; Miss Crane tells of the success of 'A Commonwealth for Delinquent Boys'; and Mr. Henslow on 'The Japanese Garden' is well illustrated.

The *Empire Review* has papers by Lord Sydenham, Sir H. Page Croft, and Mr. Greenwood. Mr. Frank Mitchell writes on the Imperial aspect of Rugby football, and advocates an addition of Dominion representatives to the governing body. Mrs. Ward describes an air voyage to India, and Mrs. Berman a visit to a Jewish colony in Palestine. 'Marsh Harrier' writes on snipe shooting and Mr. L. Green describes a run with a Cape Trawler.

Foreign Affairs deals with the new problems of Imperial policy, the situation in India, the Palestine troubles, and East Africa. A special article asks 'What is the Labour Party Policy?'

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THE PEACE TACTICS OF NAPOLEON. 1806-1808. By H. Butterfield. Cambridge University Press. 16s.
 CHIEF JUSTICE COKE. HIS FAMILY AND DESCENDANTS AT HOLKHAM. By C. W. James. *Country Life*. 30s.
 CAPS AND CROWNS OF EUROPE. By Thomas Guerin. Carrier. 15s.
 THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BRITISH MERCHANT. By W. F. M. Weston-Webb. Toulmin. 10s. 6d.
 JANE AUSTEN : A SURVEY. By C. L. Thomson. Marshall. 10s. 6d.
 EMILY BRONTE. By Charles Simpson. *Country Life*. 15s.
 THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. VOLUME VI. Planned by the late J. B. Bury. Edited by J. R. Tanner, C. W. Previté-Orton, and Z. N. Brooke. Cambridge University Press. 50s.

ART

THE PRINT COLLECTOR. By Muriel Clayton. Jenkins. 10s. 6d.
 TATE MACKENZIE. A SCULPTOR OF YOUTH. By Christopher Hussey. *Country Life*. 25s.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE STRIDING DALES. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Illustrated by A. Reginald Smith. Warne. 15s.
 SONGS FOR SIXPENCE. By William Empson, Julian Bell, T. H. White, John Davenport, Michael Redgrave, J. Bronowski. Cambridge: Heffer. 6d. each.
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 DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Edward Cressy. Routledge. 12s. 6d.
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 ITALIAN HUMANITIES : AN INAUGURAL LECTURE. By Raffaele Piccoli. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d.
 ENEMIES, OR THE QUESTIONS OF REXXA. By J. William Lloyd. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. Allen and Unwin. 6s.
 STRAY LEAVES FROM NATURE'S NOTEBOOK. By E. L. Turner. *Country Life*. 10s. 6d.
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THIS QUEER FANATIC WAS ALIVE.

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SEE AINSWORTH (W. H.), AND DAN DEFOE.

Note, that to make our Hero's name fit better,
We've had to dock it of its final letter.

1. On Lord Mayor's Day you see me in my state.
2. Clip at each end of Roman patriot's name.
3. Concerns our satellite; conceals a maid.
4. Behead a humble helpmate of the spade.
5. African deity appeased by slaughter.
6. From counting-house detach a form of water.
7. Pertains to ships; a Libyan town is in it.
8. Core, friend, of what might kill you in a minute.
9. Act of a timid king whose throne is shaken.
10. Strange fish: it grunts and grumbles when it's taken!
11. From foul conspiracy pluck out the heart.
12. A sudden one may make the bravest start.

Solution of Acrostic No. 402

B	isho	P
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ACROSTIC No. 402.—The winner is Mr. C. J. Warden, 66, Kingsmead Road, S.W.2, who has selected as his prize 'To the Mountains,' by Anthony Bertram, published by Knopf and reviewed by us on November 30 under the title 'As Good as a Holiday.'

For Light 4 Relics is accepted.

Light 7 baffled 45 competitors; Light 8, 16; Lights 2 and 5, 10; Light 4, 8; Lights 1 and 9, 5; Light 8, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 401.—ALSO CORRECT.—Armadale, Bertram R. Carter, Clam, Dhault, Fossil, Mrs. Greene, H. C. M., W. P. James, Madge, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus.

Light 6 baffled 50 competitors; Light 2, 18; Light 5, 10; Light 3, 6; Light 4, 4; Light 7, 8; Light 11 was omitted by Met and Flora. For Light 9 Expounder, Elucidator, and Educator were accepted.

For Light 6 Surplusage was accepted, but not Spare. "Of room there was not spare" cannot be said.—F. R. G. thinks there must have been "ample room for the animals that could be collected from the locality," and is therefore not quite satisfied with Superabundance, though he gives it. But the flood described in Gen. vii. was not a local flood, and was never so understood until recently.

W. P. JAMES.—Purb is not "one-third" of Purblind, therefore I could not accept it as an answer to Light 8.

ARON.—Alternatives are not permitted, but if the word selected is considered as good as the author's it will be accepted.

FOSSIL.—The Acrostic Editor's decision is final and cannot be reconsidered. Like Hereward, he "is flushed with ire and scorn" at the bare suggestion that he is not infallible. What editor would not be?

ST. IVES.—I shall be delighted to accept your kind offer.

A. M. W. MAXWELL.—Yes, your name was accidentally omitted from the "One Light Wrong" list of No. 399. I regret the oversight.

CHIP.—Your solution of No. 399 failed to reach me. I note that you solved it correctly.

RAND.—The C.O.D. says that "porcelain &c. after baking but before glazing and painting" is called biscuit, but a pipkin is "a small earthenware pot," and exactly fits the Light in question.—Solvers abroad may send their solutions direct to A. J. Maas, La Palmeraie, Hyères, France. Will Lady Ashbrooke Crump please note.

OUR TWENTY-NINTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The final scores are: Clam and N. O. Sellam, 146 points out of a possible 149; Margaret and Sisyphus, 145; Ceyx, Fossil, Martha, 143; A. de V. Blathwayt and Madge, 142; A. E., Tyro, and C. J. Warden, 141; Carlton, 140. The winner is "Clam," Mr. Anthony Gilbert, 6, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, who is requested to choose a book, not exceeding Two Guineas in value, from among those reviewed by us during the past three months.

Other results are held over

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE volume of business on the Stock Exchange shows no sign of expansion. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to record a slight increase in confidence. Discussion is still rife on the question of the Hatry settlement. Considerable losses, totalling, it is believed, not far short of a million pounds, have resulted within the Stock Exchange as the result of abnormal transactions, and the arrangements as to how these losses should be divided between buying and selling brokers and the intermediary jobbers are causing considerable differences of opinion, although it is believed that a commendable spirit of compromise is being shown. This is a purely domestic matter for the Stock Exchange and no useful purpose can be served in ventilating it. Once this settlement is out of the way, we should see some recovery in the volume of business.

UNDERGROUNDS

A market which should benefit immediately conditions become more propitious is the Home Railway market. Recent traffic returns have been satisfactory, and after the turn of the year with the approach of the time for dividend declarations, more attention will be paid to these counters in view of the improved showing which it appears inevitable their figures must present. Despite satisfactory returns, Underground shares are standing at a particularly low level. This is attributable to uncertainty about the Government's intentions for the public control of London traffic. It is unfortunate that mention was made of the Cabinet's intention in this direction before the Minister of Transport was in a position even to outline the method to be adopted, with the result that holders of shares in the companies concerned are left to face uncertainty until further pronouncements are made. The fact must not be overlooked that Underground shares have established their dividend-earning capacity. Last year shareholders received 7 per cent. in dividends, and for the current year an interim dividend of 3 per cent. has been paid. In these circumstances, no equitable scheme could possibly be put forward which would lead to Underground shares receiving in some form or another a share in the London transport which would have a market value of less than the present price of Underground ordinary shares. In these circumstances it would be a mistake for holders to jettison their holdings at the present level.

BOWATER'S PAPER MILLS

The report of Bowater's Paper Mills for the year ended September 30 last makes satisfactory reading, inasmuch as the trading profit for the year, after paying all expenses, amounts to £101,701, which is an increase on the scale of earnings for the previous twelve months, while, in addition, a sum of £24,464 has been earned in the form of interest on new capital moneys temporarily invested during construction. The 300,000 £1 ordinary shares are to receive a dividend of 7½ per cent., less tax. The auditors include in their certificate a statement that they audited the share and debenture stock

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registers of the company and certify that all transfers have been correctly recorded in the registers, that the relative certificates have been properly authorized, and that the balances on the registers agree with the issued share capital and debenture stock.

TATE AND LYLE

Perusal of the President's speech at the recently held twenty-seventh annual ordinary general meeting of Tate and Lyle Limited enhances the high opinion that I have formed as to the management and administration of this company, and increases my liking for its shares, which I consider at the present level possess undoubted possibilities. That the increased profits of the company have not been accumulated at the expense of the consumer is illustrated by the fact that in his speech the President stated that "the profits for the year under review represent considerably less than one-tenth of a penny per pound on the sugar we produce." The improvement in the refining industry is undoubtedly attributable to its treatment in the Budget of 1928.

THE MARGARINE COMBINE

The shares of the African and Eastern Trade Corporation, as a result of general conditions, are now standing at a very low level. While it is not suggested that these shares will regain the peak price touched last year, it is felt that as a result of their connexion with the Margarine Combine, through the United Africa Co., the prospects of the Corporation are more favourable than is indicated in the present quotation for its shares. During the next twelve months, African and Eastern shares should regain some of the loss which the price of their shares has experienced. As for the Margarine Combine, the future of Unilever Ltd. (the new title of the Margarine Union Company) should prove a very prosperous one, as recent developments must greatly strengthen its position.

A PROPERTY COMPANY

The London County Freehold and Leasehold Properties Limited has had a successful career since it was made into a public company in 1925. In the balance sheet for the year ended March 31 last, properties and ground rents are valued at £2,810,172. Shareholders are being given the opportunity to subscribe for 210,388 unissued £1 ordinary shares at 25s. pro rata to their existing holdings. In view of the prospects of this company, shareholders who are in a financial position so to do should take up their new shares, and lock them away for that capital appreciation which in due course they should show. Meanwhile, those who are unable so to do should realize that their rights have a marketable value, as the current market price is in excess of the price at which these new shares are being issued.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL

The ordinary and deferred shares of Imperial Chemical Industries have suffered seriously from depreciation during recent weeks, and it is felt that the moment is a timely one to reassure shareholders as to the value of their interests. It is believed that the depreciation in the price of these shares is mainly due to the liquidation of a very large parcel on a somewhat unwilling market. While, naturally, holders cannot be expected to welcome this setback in the price of their interests, there appears no valid ground for anxiety as to the intrinsic value of their holdings.

COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the meeting of the Margarine Union, Ltd.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

MARGARINE UNION

DETAILS OF LEVER AGREEMENT

INCREASE OF CAPITAL APPROVED

ADVANTAGES OF CO-OPERATION

BENEFITS TO CONSUMERS AND SHAREHOLDERS

DIVIDEND POLICY

At an Extraordinary General Meeting of Margarine Union, Limited, held at Union House, St. Martins-le-Grand, on December 10,

The chairman (the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Bessborough, C.M.G.) stated that as from January 1, 1930, the ordinary share capital of Lever Brothers, Limited, would be amalgamated with the share capital of Margarine Union, Limited. The approval of the Court necessary for this transaction in connection with the Will of the late Lord Leverhulme had been applied for and obtained. The equalization agreement between Margarine Union, Limited, and N.V. Margarine Unie extended the benefits of the amalgamation to the shareholders of the latter company also.

The agreement with the Lever Group necessitated alterations in the Articles of Union and Unie. A meeting of Unie was being held that day for such purpose while a further meeting of Unie would be convened when its legal advisers had prepared the necessary alterations. The present meeting had been called principally to increase the authorized capital so that the requisite shares for the Lever Group would be available on January 1, 1930. The increase proposed was £11,600,000 by an additional £1,000,000 7 per cent. preferred shares and £6,500,000 ordinary shares.

The authorized share capital of Lever Brothers, Limited, was at present £130,000,000, of which there were issued £54,227,546 5s. in preference and preferred ordinary and £2,400,000 in ordinary shares.

UNILEVER, LIMITED

The name of Margarine Union, Limited, would be altered to Unilever Limited, and that of N.V. Margarine Unie to N.V. Unilever. As the final result of the scheme of amalgamation, Unilever Limited would acquire the whole of the issued capital of Lever Brothers, Limited, in exchange for ordinary and preferred shares in Unilever Limited.

The 6 per cent. deferred shares of Margarine Union Limited and those ordinary shares of N.V. Margarine Unie with special rights would be acquired as to one-half of each category by an English private company, while the other half would be acquired by a Dutch private company. The shares of the English company would be held by the Lever group and the shares of the Dutch company by the Jurgens, Van den Bergh, Schicht group. The consideration for the 6 per cent. deferred shares of Margarine Union Limited would be their nominal value, £100,000, in cash.

The board of Unilever, Ltd., and N.V. Unilever would be increased and would be composed as to one half of representatives of the Lever Group.

POSITION OF THE LEVER CO-PARTNERSHIP TRUST

As to the Co-partnership Trust of Lever Brothers, Limited, the payments to the holders of preferential certificates, constituting in effect pensions to ex-employees and widows would be continued and allowance for this fact had been made when fixing the number of shares to be allotted to the Lever group. The Lever group undertook responsibility for the Co-partnership certificates, the yield on which varied with the ordinary dividend so that payments on those certificates would no longer be a charge against the profits of Lever Brothers, Limited, available for dividend. The Lever group proposed to arrange for the surrender of those certificates.

The Lever group would receive £6,000,000 ordinary shares and £1,100,000 7 per cent. preferred shares in Unilever, Limited. The preferred shares were issued to enable the Lever group to offer them to the holders of Co-partnership certificates in exchange for the surrender of their rights (valued at £1,290,000), the preferred shares being valued at 23s. 4d. per £1 share. It would interest shareholders to know that even the present trading results of the Lever concern would show a return in excess of 20 per cent. on the £6,000,000 ordinary shares to

be issued by Unilever, Limited, after allowing for the payment of 7 per cent. dividend on the £1,100,000 preferred shares to be issued.

A very considerable proportion of the 1929 profits of the Lever concern would be retained in that business, and a dividend of only 10 per cent. proposed on the ordinary shares for that year. Margarine Union and Unie would follow the same policy. The shares issued to the Lever group and the shares received from that group would be ex the 1929 dividend.

INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER OF THE BUSINESSES MAINTAINED

The method of amalgamation chosen had restricted preliminary expenses to a minimum and no additional management expenditure would be incurred. The agreement provided for a uniform policy in conducting the amalgamated businesses, but the individual character of each company would be maintained. It was confidently expected that the results of co-operation would be beneficial to shareholders and consumers alike. Greater efficiency, substantial economies, improved transport and delivery, and intensified research work would be achieved and full benefit obtained of the long experience of both concerns in the oil and fat industry.

An important agreement had been entered into with United Africa, a company formed to combine the businesses of African and Eastern Trade Corporation and the Niger Company, which latter belongs to Lever Brothers, Limited. The Lever concern now held half the United Africa issued capital of £13,000,000. The interests and properties of Union and Unie in West Africa would be transferred to United Africa in consideration of £1,534,000 ordinary shares in that company. Some directors of Union would join the board of United Africa. In view of the benefits that would accrue to United Africa from the support of Union and Unie, the directors had obtained an option during the next four years on £1,500,000 additional ordinary shares at 22s. 6d. per share. Preference, though not an exclusive right, would be given to United Africa in the supply of raw materials.

COMPETITION ELIMINATED

Close co-operation which had already commenced would greatly benefit all concerned. The profits earned by the interests transferred to United Africa had in the past been used for development and had not contributed to any extent to the Union/Unie profits, so that any dividend on the shares received in exchange would be direct gain to the Unilever companies. The powerful competition between these interests had thereby been eliminated.

The chairman then referred to the present joint position of Union and Unie. The combined issued capital at December 31, 1928, was £11,396,000, of which £2,083,000 was preference and £9,313,000 ordinary. New issues of ordinary shares had been made during 1929 to acquire further businesses. With these issues and the March issue to shareholders on bonus terms, the issued capital had now become £19,623,000, of which £3,835,000 preference and £15,788,000 ordinary. After the issues to the Lever group these figures would become £26,723,000, of which £4,935,000 preference and £21,788,000 ordinary. Reserves and carry forwards had increased, before allocation from current profits, from £2,498,000 in 1928 to £7,935,000.

THE AGGREGATE CAPITAL

For purposes of efficient management the acquisition of many of the further businesses had been for account of the principal subsidiary holding companies of the Jurgens and Van den Berghs organizations, namely, Anton Jurgens Vereenigde Fabrieken, Van den Berghs Fabrieken, Hollandsche Vereeniging Tot Exploitatie van Margarinefabrieken, Van den Berghs Limited, and Jurgens Limited. The aggregate issued capital of these companies at December 31, 1928, was £27,614,000, of which £16,884,000 preference and £10,730,000 ordinary, while reserves and carry-forwards totalled £5,675,000. These amounts were increased during 1929 to £31,111,000, of which £17,833,000 preference and £13,278,000 ordinary, while reserves would be increased by allocations from the current year's profits. Future

reports of the directors would deal with the position of those companies in which Union and Unie held direct interests. The issued capital of Union and Unie and the before-mentioned five subsidiary companies, excluding inter-company holdings and the shares for the Lever group aggregates approximately £37,500,000.

EARNING CAPACITY

Then as to earning capacity, the results had been ascertained on a most conservative basis, ample allowance having been made for depreciation and all advertising expenditure written off. Profits in 1929, after payment of preference dividends, would be about £3,250,000, representing over 20 per cent. on the outstanding ordinary share capital. This was a satisfactory result, especially as the economies forecast had not yet fully fructified, while the newly acquired businesses had not yet fully contributed to the year's results. The actual results achieved had far surpassed the possibilities visualized when Union and Unie were formed. The amalgamation with Levers opened up possibilities of still greater earning capacity. In view of rapid expansion, a conservative dividend policy would be followed and moderate dividends only be proposed. Ample compensation would accrue to ordinary shareholders from issues of new capital on advantageous terms from time to time. Such an issue had been contemplated towards the end of this year, but the world financial crisis had made this undesirable and no good reason existed to proceed with such issue unless, and until, market conditions ensured complete success. When conditions, however, had improved, an issue of this nature would be made and the proceeds utilized to pay off floating liabilities incurred in financing raw material stocks. No other floating liabilities existed. The ordinary shares issued to the Lever group would not participate in such new issue if made in 1930. A further increase in the authorized capital would have to be made when such issue was decided upon.

BOARD'S CONFIDENCE IN THE PROSPECTS

The directors intended to maintain the dividend for the time being at 10 per cent. and an interim payment of 4 per cent. would be made on December 17. Directors were hopeful as to future earnings and confident as to further economies and savings which would be reflected in the accounts for 1930 and 1931, while the amalgamation with the world-wide Lever organization opened up great prospects of increased efficiency and economies to the benefit of both public and shareholders.

Though low raw material prices constituted a direct benefit to the concern, the directors realized the necessity of a reasonable profit to native and other producers. Demand for the concern's products was rapidly increasing and raw material production must keep pace. Stimulation of raw material production demanded and received constant attention. Directors would support every genuine effort made for the establishment of reasonable and stable prices.

The chairman reported with regret the death of Mr. Emile Jurgens since the last meeting. The directors appointed Mr. Victor Jurgens to fill the vacancy thus caused, and asked the meeting to confirm the appointment. When the Articles were altered Mr. Arthur Hartog and Mr. Franz Schicht would also be proposed for election to the board.

The resolutions to elect Mr. Victor Jurgens a director and to increase the capital to £11,600,000 were then put to the meeting and passed unanimously.

N. V. MARGARINE UNIE

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS

At an Extraordinary General Meeting of N.V. Margarine Unie held on December 10, in Rotterdam, proposals to alter the Articles in accordance with the requirements of the new Dutch Companies' Act and in connection with the agreement with the Lever group were adopted.

To fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Eimle Jurgens, Mr. Victor Jurgens was elected to the board, which was also extended by the election of Messrs. Heinrich Schicht, Georg Schicht, and Jacob Hartog as directors, these gentlemen being already members of the board of Margarine Union, Limited.

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